

Caricatures

Remember **CADBURY** means quality

LIG LIBRARY

OCT 10 1944

DETROIT

PUNCH



SEPTEMBER

13

1944

Vol. CCVII
No. 5407

For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE L^{TD.}
CORPORATION

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper. Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1903. Subscription, inclusive of Extra Numbers: Inland Postage 30/- per annum (15/- six months); Overseas 36/6 per annum (Canada 34/- per annum). Postage of this issue: Great Britain and Ireland, 11d.; Canada, 1d. Elsewhere Overseas, 1d.



*Shops can still supply limited quantities of
Lavender Soap, Talc and Brilliantine, though devotees
must wait till peace to enjoy Yardley Lavender Perfume.*

YARDLEY LAVENDER
YARDLEY - 33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON

'Viyella'
Regd.

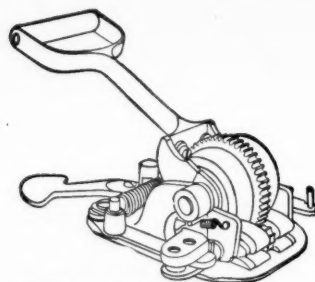


*The family cloth
that everyone wants*

Women want 'Viyella' because it wears so well and washes beautifully; babies need its soft textured healthy warmth; men like 'Viyella' shirts — comfortable in every climate. And because 'Viyella' is all these things, the Services want it too—and their claims come first. But when better times come, everyone will be able to get all the 'Viyella' they want.

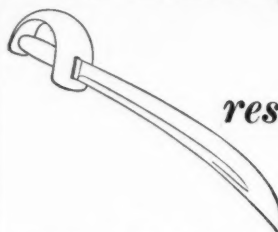


F.51



How does a

Wire Banding Machine



resemble a Cutlass?

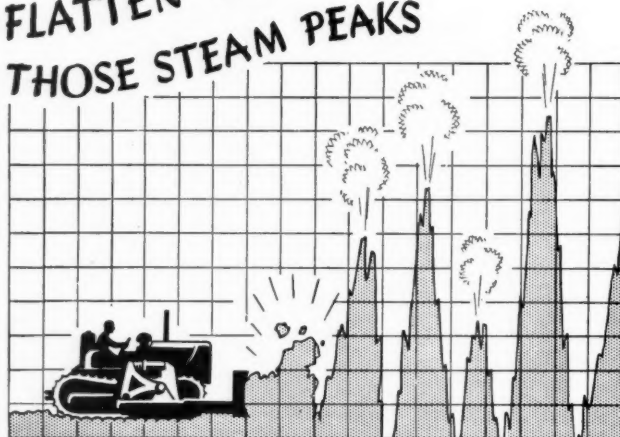
A century ago Webleys made ships' cutlasses (among other weapons) and made them very well. Since then, while the tradition of fine workmanship has been retained, Webleys have developed into an engineering organisation serving a variety of industries. Shown above is a Wire Banding Machine produced by Webleys. Another instance, this, of how Webleys' experience in small-arms manufacture is now applied to fine limit work of many kinds.

Webley

PRECISION ENGINEERS SINCE 1790

WEBLEY AND SCOTT LIMITED, PREMIER WORKS, WEAMAN STREET, BIRMINGHAM, 4

**FLATTEN OUT
THOSE STEAM PEAKS**



Examine fuel-economy methods in your plant **now** to safeguard coal supplies for next winter. Peak steam loads are extravagant and **inefficient**. They eat deeply into the coal pile and interfere with factory output. Start to s-p-r-e-a-d the steam demands and you will get **immediate** savings of coal. Aim at a steady steam demand. You may find the answer in staggering your production operations — possibly a morning job could be done in the afternoon — or that an alteration in working hours will help to spread the steam demand. You may even find that there are some operations that can be eliminated altogether. See that the steam-using departments give the boilerhouse ample warning of changes in load.



LOOK UP YOUR COPY OF FUEL EFFICIENCY BULLETIN No. 26. (Peak Steam Demands — Cause, Effect and Cure). Read it again. It gives all the answers to your steam peak problems. If you've mislaid it — write TODAY to your Regional Fuel Office for a further copy.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FUEL AND POWER

**Great
Scotch!**



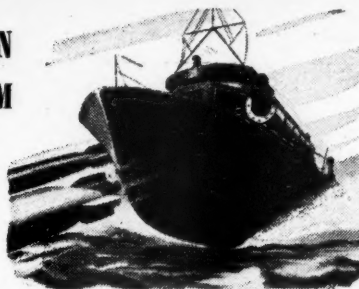
A successful quest for Old Angus is grand compensation for previous disappointments. Its amber depths raise anticipation to new peaks. Its smoothness and gentle strength realise every expectation. Its after-glow brings warmth and a deep satisfaction.

OLD ANGUS

A NOBLE SCOTCH — Gentle as a lamb

OA. 8c

**REFRIGERATION
WILL GAIN FROM
EXPERIENCE
IN WAR**



At Sea . . . Prestcold refrigerators preserve the food of crews of motor torpedo boats, corvettes, trawlers and many other types of craft in the Royal Navy and in ships of the

Merchant Navy. Special Prestcold low-temperature refrigerators also expedite the assembly of engines by shrink fitting of bushes, ball races, etc. The experience gained in serving the Navy will inspire new ways of serving the needs of the Home. In a happier, healthier post-war Britain, Prestcold engineers will use their war-gained experience to produce finer domestic refrigerators at lower cost, and to promote better living in a surprising number of ways.

PRESTCOLD

DOMESTIC, COMMERCIAL, INDUSTRIAL,
BIOLOGICAL AND MEDICAL.

Refrigeration



A PRODUCT OF THE PRESSED STEEL COMPANY LIMITED

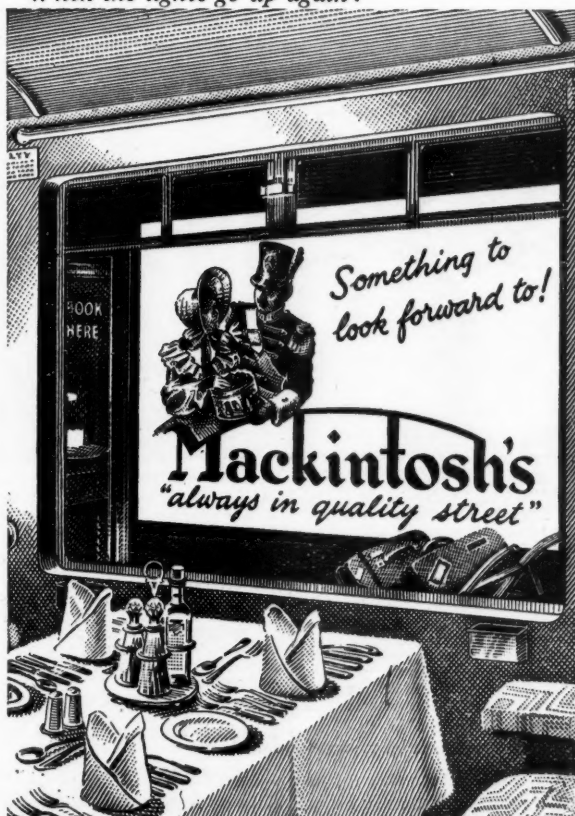


In these times of scarcity, Votrix Vermouth could be sold at more than twice the present price, but the producers have no need to do so. Everyone knows that in war-time, price is not always an indication of value. Votrix is the best vermouth obtainable, equal in quality to any of the formerly imported Continental vermouths. Votrix (sweet or dry) at 8/6 the bottle, is the price of Britain's Best Vermouth.

Vine Products Ltd., cannot supply you direct so please ask your usual supplier.

**Votrix
Vermouth**

"When the lights go up again!"



**Important
Notice to
Our Sherry
Customers**



FINDLATER'S FINO, well-known to Sherry drinkers all over the World, will in future be known as

FINDLATER'S DRY FLY SHERRY

The reason: Findlater's FINO cannot be registered and protected from imitations under that name. FINDLATER'S DRY FLY is now registered throughout the World.

FINDLATER, MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD.
Wine Merchants to H.M. the King
92, Wigmore Street, W.1

**BALKAN SOBRANIE
CIGARETTES & TOBACCOES**

**ONCE UPON
A TIME . . .**

It was easy to hide apologies in a box of chocolates, to drive away care by a drive out in the car, to celebrate a great occasion in a great vintage. But, to-day, we are circumscribed by the coupon and the queue, and absence encourages abstinence . . . Yet, there is still Balkan Sobranie, blended by the original master hand, ready to give you peace in the midst of war, and perfect pleasure after duty is done. In spite of the war, in smoking the fittest still survive.



SOBRANIE LTD LONDON, E.C.1



WE LOOK FORWARD to the time when we shall again be able to fill your empty glasses with our famous Wines.

- ★ Harvey's Bristol Milk Sherry
- ★ Harvey's Bristol Cream Sherry
- ★ Harvey's Shooting Sherry
- ★ Harvey's Merienda Sherry
- ★ Harvey's Hunting Port, etc., etc.

but we shall have to wait until the shipping is available.

**JOHN
HARVEY**

& SONS LTD

Bristol

FOUNDED 1796

Wine Merchants to His Majesty The King

CVS-16

FRANCE!

Fully equipped Church Army Mobile Canteens are already operating. Our experienced workers are there! On every war front The Church Army is doing invaluable service. This vital work needs urgent financial support so that widespread services may be expanded. Please cross cheques Barclays a/c Church Army, payable to the Rev. H. H. TREACHER, General Secretary and Head, CHURCH ARMY Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1. (Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)



★ ASK FOR "GIN AND ANGOSTURA" IF YOU WANT "PINK GIN"

ANGOSTURA
Bitters
AND GIN MAKE
THE ORIGINAL
"PINK GIN"



When peace releases the story of scientific progress made during war—what marvels may we not expect? In the field of electronics G.E.C. research laboratories have been working to provide post-war radio and television reception of a quality never before achieved. More than this may not be disclosed—

but you can look forward to

G.E.C.

RADIO and TELEVISION

The SIGHT and SOUND of the future

Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, W.C.2



Threads from the loom of times

PRESERVING A TRADE SECRET

INDUSTRY today is not averse from taking customers behind the scenes. It was very different in the latter half of the 19th century when manufacturing processes were deep and carefully guarded secrets.

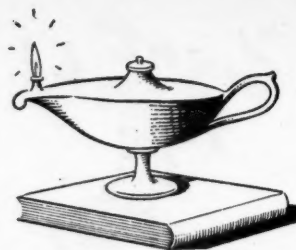
At this period Courtauld's silk crapes were at the pinnacle of their popularity, and their designs and processes were both exclusive and inimitable. The firm's partners alone knew the secret of the final finishing which gave these crapes their unique effects.

Today the vast Courtauld's enter-

prise seeks not to hide but to broadcast the improvements achieved after years of research and development.

Despite the present concentration of the Company's full energies on war work, research goes on with unabated vigour. The results will be apparent to everybody when Courtauld's lovely rayons, so greatly admired before the war, make their reappearance, more perfect, and more serviceable than ever. There will also be new Courtauld's products to assist in raising standards of life for all.

COURTAULDS—the greatest name in RAYON



"In the present state of medical knowledge..."

The wise doctor of today is no "medicine man": he readily admits that medical science has a lot to learn about nerves and nerve strain. But whatever new discoveries the future may hold, one truth is unassailable: nerves need adequate supplies of organic phosphorus and protein. In other words they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for only in 'Sanatogen' can be found organic phosphorus and protein in chemical combination.

'SANATOGEN'

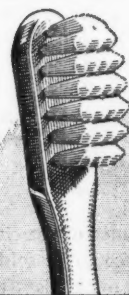
Regd. Trade Mark

NERVE TONIC

In one size only during war time—6/6d. (including Purchase Tax).

A 'Genatosan' Product.

**EVERYBODY
WANTS A...**



**Tek
TOOTHBRUSH**

The strictly limited supplies are being fairly distributed — but disappointments are unavoidable.

**SO DON'T BLAME YOUR
CHEMIST**

BRISTLES; 2/- Plus Purchase Tax 5d.
NYLON; 1/6 Plus Purchase Tax 4d.

Made and guaranteed by
JOHNSON & JOHNSON (Gt. Britain) Ltd.,
Slough & Gargrave T.15

You're in luck Miss...

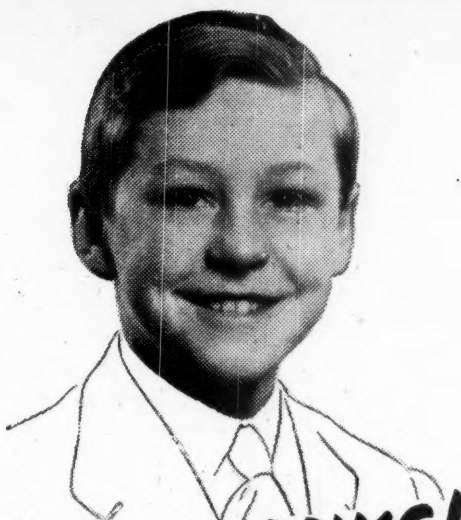


this here's a tin of Nescafé — Office 'elevenses' waste no time when you're lucky enough to find a tin of Nescafé. Fragrant, stimulating, made in an instant, right in the cup. No grounds, no mess, no coffee-pot to wash up. But it's hard to get; overwhelming demand means present supplies must be strictly rationed to grocers.

NESCAFÉ

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

N.6.B.



FINE, THANKS!

I eat something crisp and crunchy every day.
When I can get it, I prefer

RYVITA

CRISP, NOURISHING DAILY BREAD



CHILPRUFE
for **CHILDREN**
is
PURE WOOL
MADE PERFECT

Easily Washed,
Unshrinkable
and Very Durable

Made only for Infants
and Young Children

CHILPRUFE LIMITED
Governing Director: JOHN A. BOLTON
LEICESTER

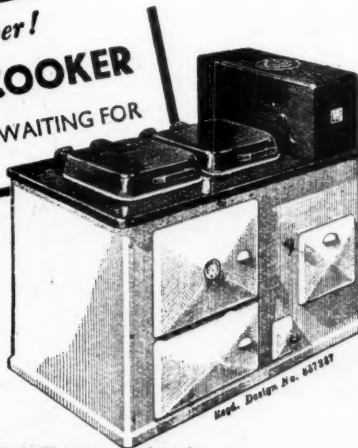


**STATE
EXPRESS
555**

For over half a century
STATE EXPRESS 555
have maintained their
reputation as the finest
cigarettes in the world.

THE HOUSE OF STATE EXPRESS
210, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

Remember!
THE "AB" COOKER
IS WELL WORTH WAITING FOR



- Cooking and Water Heating combined in one unit.
- Big Fuel Economy Ensured through automatic fuel feed.
- Food Values Are Retained by balanced distribution of heat.
- High Temperatures Are Available at a moment's notice.

You Are Invited...
to visit the Demonstration Kitchen
at the address below, and see how
the "AB" Cooker works—also get
advice on your war-
time cooking
problems.

Write for Free Illustrated Brochure to:

FEDERATED SALES LIMITED
(Dept. P57) 80, GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON, W.1
Telephone: Mayfair 5054/6



COMBINING COOKING & WATER-HEATING

(Controlled by Federated Foundries, Ltd.)



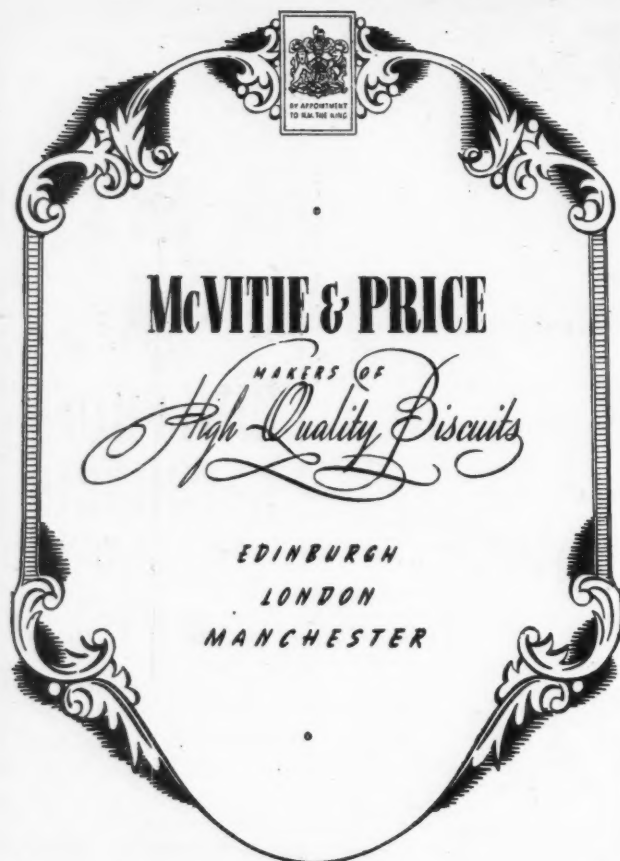
BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. KING GEORGE VI.

Bronnley
Makers of
FINE SOAPS
for Fifty Years

The name
which has
become a
tradition in
fine soap
making

*

H. BRONNLEY & CO. LTD.,
LONDON, W.1



McVITIE & PRICE
MAKERS OF
High Quality Biscuits
EDINBURGH
LONDON
MANCHESTER



Until then... Carefree kiddies playing in a world of perpetual peace — with illness and pain just part of a forgotten age. A dream? Perhaps. But some day who knows? Until then, day in and day out, the great Hospitals of London carry on their fight against disease and suffering. They never falter. But they need your help. So dig deep into your pockets and purses on Hospitals Day.



Give freely on HOSPITALS DAY

TUESDAY, OCT. 3rd, 1944

50,000 FLAG SELLERS NEEDED FOR HOSPITALS DAY

ISSUED BY FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX

Equal Shares

Our years of experience in making suits and uniforms for men have enabled us to give to officers in the women's services all the qualities they demand in well-cut tailor-made clothes. Now women officers have an equal share with men in the Austin Reed Service.



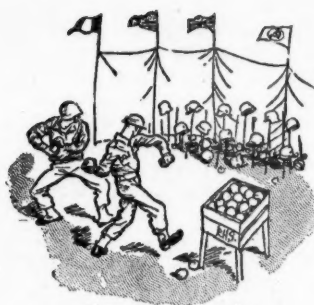
AUSTIN REED of Regent Street

LONDON & PRINCIPAL CITIES • LONDON TELEPHONE: REGENT 6789



FOUR SQUARE is still made, as ever, from pure tobacco—matured and mellowed by ageing in the wood; free from artificial scents and flavouring.

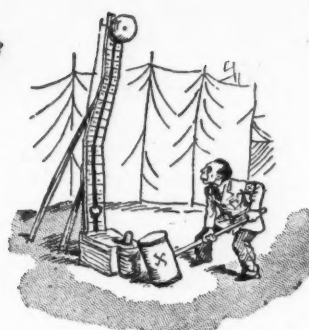
GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCVII No. 5407

September 13 1944

Charivaria

So fast has been the retreat of the Germans in France that it is thought that they have been strengthened by experienced troops from Russia.

One suggestion for peace-night celebrations in London is that taxi-drivers should have the evening off and be allowed to hail jeeps for hire.

Peace-talk news is already switching itself from Dumbarton Oaks to Quebec. It looks as though we are threatened with a peace of movement.

"Water is used a good deal for the manufacture of ice. . . ."
From a broadcast talk.
Remarkably good ice it makes, too.



Peace is making itself felt already. The Balkans are seething with content.

There are twice as many single "drunks" as married ones, says a Yale professor. That is, if the evidence of the married ones is reliable.



"What could be more idyllically peaceful than to lie on your back in a lush English meadow lazily listening to the heavy drone of the bumble bees?" asks a writer. Yes, providing they are bumble bees.

A Bedfordshire centenarian describes beer as comic stuff nowadays. No gravity, in fact.

"There is to be no increase in the quantity of beer produced, nor in its quality."—Daily paper.
We get quite enough of its quality.

The Ministry of Information wishes to continue its activities after the war. It feels there will still be a few glaring facts which it will be desirable to keep our incorrigible optimists well in the dark about.

The re-conversion of the railways to peace-time use is being planned. The 9.46 that used to run at 10.12 will be uncanceled and put on at 10.15 to replace the 8.7 that now runs at 11.0.

Over a million bottles of rum are on their way to this country. Many citizens hope their arrival will synchronize with autumn colds and/or peace.

"The Fuehrer is as good as his word," claims a Nazi writer—as though that hadn't been the entire trouble from the very beginning.



So completely are the German forces disintegrating under Allied attacks that a whole company surrendered to a small British unit equipped only with an Ensa piano.

There are many pathetic cases of regular customers ostentatiously consuming cups of tea with their darts in the hope of establishing priority for beer when it arrives.

There is to be an inquiry regarding a recent fight in which the seconds of one contestant threw in the towel at the end of the second round. Apparently the towel disappeared.

The Beginning of the End

TEN million yards of black-out stuff
 Shall now be torn from windows free,
 And, not so bellicose nor tough,
 The partly de-controlled H.G.
 Shall fight less hard his endless fights
 By field and pub, and even bear
 The tedium of his home at nights
 And turn his sword into a share.

Give me the gas-mask that I loved—
 And let me kick it round the room,
 And you, ye torches, now be shoved
 For ever to Tartarean gloom,
 Now let us sing "God Save The King"
 And cease, in course of time, one hopes,
 To save these little bits of string
 And patch perpetual envelopes.

Ten thousand souls that dared not trip
 By ocean waves as heretofore
 Shall take their customary dip
 Beside the liberated shore,
 And men shall not be sent to jail
 For common words of English speech,
 And Andersons are all for sale
 And Morrisons are fivepence each.

The ration-cards are with us yet.
 Where has the tub of pig-swill gone?
 And roving Ministries that set
 Their nightly camp still further on?
 How many a town untenanted
 Awaits to have its life renewed?
 How many a subterranean bed
 Shall lapse into desuetude?

Fast, fast the Wardens fade away,
 The watchers from the roofs retire,
 And all our pumps of yesterday
 Are one with Nineveh and Tyre:
 The marching flags have crossed the map,
 The beaten foe flies home. But what
 We mean to do with all the scrap—
 Well, someone knows. But I do not.
 EVOE.

H. J.'s Dramatic Fragments

THE next Fragment originated from a delusion of my wife's that she had only to sleep head downwards to dream accurately of the future. On the night before the publication of the Honours List, in which she took a feverish interest, the foot of our bed was always tied to a large hook in the ceiling, and at intervals she awoke and, prodding me in the ribs, said mysteriously such things as, "Remember, Shaw gets the Thistle," or "Don't say I didn't tell you, there's an Honourable Mention for T. Hoop, Culinary Adviser to the Eel Disposal Board." One

night the rain came in the roof, owing to squirrels taking the tiles, and wetted the rope, which contracted, leaving us in mid-air but fortunately well tucked in. The disadvantage was that, owing to the room being on the high side, when morning came we had to remain in bed, and to pass the time until we were noticed I composed the following Fragment, for which I had ample time owing to my wife's absence from meals being regarded as a mercy into which it would be ungrateful to inquire.

HARK TO THE TRUMPET'S MARTIAL TOOT.

(The scene is a frontier and PABLO is wishful to cross it.)

IMMIGRATION OFFICER. Are you a hearty eater?

PABLO. No.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER. Good, you wouldn't get a worker's permit if you were. On the other hand you wouldn't get a tourist's permit if you weren't.

CUSTOMS OFFICER. Have you anything to declare?

PABLO. I believe in the Rights of Man. Shall I also make a Declaration of Indulgence? We learned to do them in the Language School.

CUSTOMS OFFICER. Don't bother. Have you any automobile spare parts, jute or copies of Rabelais?

PABLO. I have only my clothes and some sandwiches, and I scraped the paste out of those before we arrived at the station.

CUSTOMS OFFICER. Take your shoes off. They have false bottoms. Why?

PABLO. To keep my feet cool. Do you know where I can get any ice?

CURRENCY INSPECTOR. How much money are you bringing into the country?

PABLO. I have fifty of your excellent bank-notes which I got cheap at my last stopping-place.

CURRENCY INSPECTOR. Fat lot of good that is to us. All right, come inside. [Exit PABLO]

Enter a PROFESSOR OF GEOGRAPHY

PROFESSOR. Good morning. I have a letter of introduction. I am just inspecting the geography of your country. Yes, yes. This seems a very good frontier. There is a river, a range of mountains and a desert between you and your neighbours.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER. But unfortunately there is a pass in the mountains, an oasis in the desert and a ford in the river.

PROFESSOR. They will do for trade. Economic geography is a very popular subsidiary subject nowadays. The only building I see is the Customs shed. Where is the town?

CUSTOMS OFFICER. There isn't one.

PROFESSOR. But there must be; the geographical situation demands it. If I set a physical map of this region every candidate would know there must be a town; it's elementary.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER. There used to be a small wooden one, but the Ten Days Government took it down because it spoiled the scenery. It is scheduled for rebuilding but they haven't yet decided where; it depends where the population has got to.

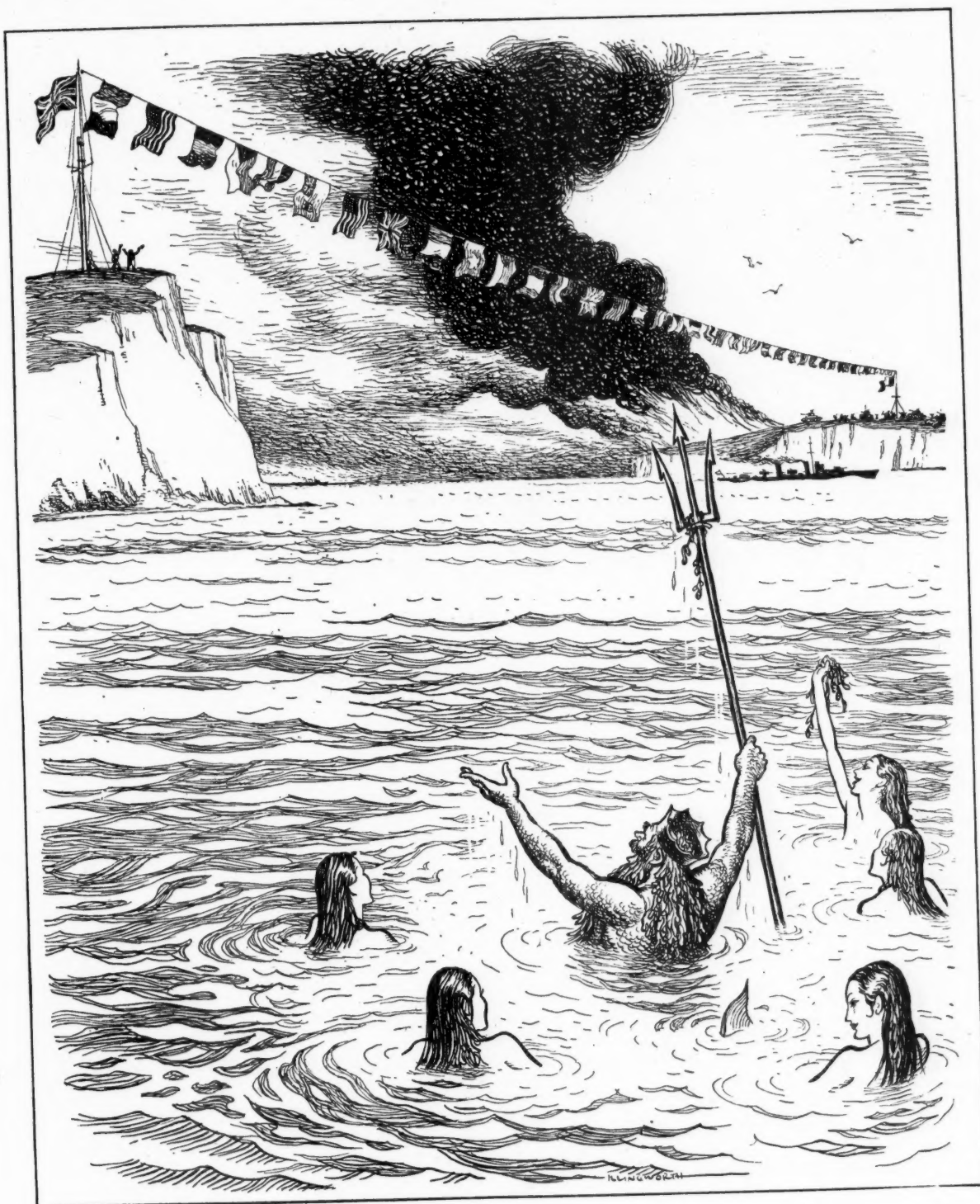
PROFESSOR. Do you get much transhumance?

CUSTOMS OFFICER. Only a bit sometimes at the week-end. It's the trippers, you know. By the way, don't you think we ought to have some bloodhounds?

PROFESSOR. Ecology forbids. [Exit PROFESSOR]

Enter LADY "TOTS" VERE in native dress

"TOTS." I am just a wee, intrepid, Woman Explorer who



FLAG ALLEY



"Stockman, tractor-driver, hedge-layer—b'm—bow's your Italian?"

wants to go into the desert and milk camels. I am tired of the humming, hollow life of the great city.

CUSTOMS OFFICER. London?

"TOTS." Not exactly—Swindon.

PASSPORT OFFICER. Have you got an exit visa?

"TOTS." Certainly. Here it is.

PASSPORT OFFICER. That's the first I've ever seen.

What did they rush you for it?

"TOTS." Can't a girl have any secrets?

PASSPORT OFFICER. Well, if you must go, go, but you'll find it a very dull desert—all bunker, as you might say.

CUSTOMS OFFICER. This is not the kind of country that people try to smuggle things out of, but as a matter of form I had better search your luggage. What is this?

"TOTS." My diary, and I don't expect if I tried to stop you reading it it would be a bit of good. I should skip the first three volumes and start on volume four.

CUSTOMS OFFICER (opening the book and reading). "Jan. 22nd. Did Exercise 1 this morning. I should now be able to make a camel kneel on its front legs.

Jan. 23rd. Exercise 2. Back legs. Jan. 24th. Exercise 3. Supplementary objurgations. . . ."

Enter an International Commission

CHAIRMAN. We have come to hold a plebiscite on the Sunday opening of frontiers.

FINIS

o o

Dream Come True

LONG, long ago, when Freedom veiled her eyes
And faithless voices cried that France was dead,
When we fell back to hold the English skies
And Europe bled;
I dreamed I saw their lances glint at dawn—
Michael and all his angels marching on
To thwart Apollyon;
And heard a shadowy chieftain wind his horn:
Banners advance!
Leopards of England! Storm-tossed Lilies of France!

Lady Addle's Domestic Front

Bengers, Herts, 1944

MY DEAR, DEAR READERS, —Ever since I wrote in these pages a week or so ago that I had never been to a cocktail party, I have been besieged by letters from friends, both known and unknown, telling me that it is an experience which I should not miss. Even Boadicea Broadmoor (the Duchess of Broadmoor) whom I have known since childhood—our fathers are on the same page of *Whitaker* together, which seems to make a special bond between us—who I thought had never touched anything but Chateau Yquem with soda water all her life, wrote to me that she had given a cocktail party (for the coming of age of her grandson, Lord Borstal) in the housekeeper's room of their Dorset home which is all that is left to them by the Ministry of Economical Relations—I *think* I have the name right—who have taken over the house.

Boadie said it was a highly successful party, enjoyed by all except possibly the Duke, who unfortunately had his ear-trumpet filled up with whisky by a young American officer, in error. And she seemed to think I was rather behind the times for not giving one too. I don't feel this comes very well from Boadie, who was born in '68, whereas I was born in the summer of '69 so am considerably her junior. However, it put me on my mettle and I was determined to try.

But how to accomplish it? Bengers has no divans, no tiger-skin rugs or long cigarette-holders, and I certainly have no trousers, even if Addle would consent to my wearing them, which I greatly doubt. Yet I had always understood that these things were inseparable from cocktail parties. True, I rather dreaded being seen by the county lying on a divan in trousers and smoking a cigarette for the first time, but I thought if Boadie Broadmoor could do it I would not shrink, if only I could obtain the accessories.

I was just contemplating ringing up Harridges' hire department when Mipsie came into the room, and thankfully I remembered that she always knows about everything. She immediately took a weight off my mind by telling me that cocktail parties were not quite as I imagined, that divans, tiger-skin rugs and trousers are quite unnecessary, and in fact the only difficulty nowadays is in the materials for the cocktails themselves. But if I would give her *carte blanche* she would

obtain them somehow and manage the whole thing, even down to mixing the drinks herself. The only thing was, she would have to have a new dress as none of her present ones was suitable (for some technical reason, no doubt, which is beyond my ignorance), but I gladly wrote her out a cheque for £75, which she said would just cover the ingredients for the party and the dress she had in mind.

Meanwhile, I sent out the invitations. They included several people on whom I have not called, such as the Brawns at the Grange, who made their money in linseed and are anything but aristocratic; and the Dibble-Smiths, a rather unpopular couple who have never been known to discuss anyone else in the neighbourhood, so it is thought there must be some mystery about them; and a very odd pair of girls at Little Bengers Cottage, who breed borzois and both wear Russian cavalry uniform. Then I thought it would be kind to ask poor dull Mr. Knoop, who lives such a sad life, always writing about prehistoric bangles, and Mrs. Tansy and her terribly plain Christabel, and of course Miss Rinse and Miss Snodgrass, though it is well known that they hate attending any social function where they might have to speak to each other.

The day of the party arrived. I felt rather nervous, especially as Addle said he *must* cut down some big nettles

in the grove and therefore couldn't appear. But Mipsie, who is always so sympathetic and understanding, brought me something in a glass which she said would buck me up—and I went downstairs feeling ready for anything.

And oddly enough that feeling continued all the afternoon. With a glass of this same delightful concoction of Mipsie's in my hand—rather like orangeade, yet somehow with a difference—I found myself laughing as I hadn't laughed since I was a school-girl at Mr. Knoop's jokes—I had no idea he was so witty or that prehistoric bangles were such fascinating things. Everyone, in fact, seemed to be so entertaining, the Brawns far less vulgar than I thought, or anyway so good-hearted and nice withal that one couldn't object, and to my surprise I found myself promising to go to tea with them to see their calceolarias. The Dibble-Smiths too were most pleasant, and I came to the conclusion that they had been much maligned, for towards the end of the party I heard them discussing everyone in Great Bengers quite loudly—just like ordinary people—with Christobel Tansy, who was looking really charming—positively pretty, I thought. I was a little horrified to see the girls from Little Bengers arriving in their cavalry uniforms, accompanied by three enormous borzois, but I decided after a time that it was rather narrow-minded of me, and that they looked as splendid as their dogs. To my surprise one of the girls arrived this morning with a borzoi puppy which she assures me I ordered at the party, though I can't help thinking it is her misunderstanding, as I have no recollection of it. However, it is a dear puppy and will be most useful for eating up things I make mistakes over.

Best of all, though, was the wonderful reconciliation between Miss Rinse and Miss Snodgrass, who actually walked out of the room arm-in-arm! I hear they are not speaking again to-day, but Mipsie suggests that another cocktail party might heal the breach permanently, and really I feel that I wouldn't mind repeating such an enjoyable afternoon. I had a slight headache next day—quite natural, Mipsie says, and due, I suppose, to the somewhat overwhelming buzz of conversation to a quiet country dweller like myself. But at any rate Boadie Broadmoor can't say I am behind the times now.

M. D.

They That Go Down to the Sea in Ships

AT this time such articles as you send are a genuine comfort to me."

Now more than ever before are we dependent for our livelihood upon the courage and steadfastness of our gallant crews "that go down to the sea in ships." You, by your generous gifts to the PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, can help to alleviate their sufferings, and to make their task less arduous. We rely on you because we know that, like them, you will not let us down. All donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4.

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

At the Pictures

SLOW

IN the nature of things it is not always easy for the average amateur of new songs to understand the appeal of old; but it seems to me that *Champagne Charlie* (Director: CAVALCANTI) goes out of its way to make the success of the songs of seventy years ago absolutely inexplicable to him, by consistently taking them at half speed—or what strikes me as half speed. "I'm . . . one . . . of . . . ther . . . bran . . . dee . . . and . . . selt . . . zer . . . boys," sings TOMMY TRINDER with almost ponderous deliberation—"Jol . . . lee . . . old . . . bran dee . . . and . . . selt . . . zer . . . boys. . . ." Was this the kind of thing that launched *George Leybourne*, "Champagne Charlie," on oceans of ecstatic applause? Well, it may have been; the Victorians were a baffling lot; but this film, unless I'm wrong, has been made in the customary assumption that the present-day audience is going to be as pleased by all the songs as are the well-trained audiences on the screen, who wave their mugs in time and join, beaming, in every chorus. This assumption I believe to be unjustified; the songs are too many, I think, as well as too slow.

But the film is bright and on the whole worth seeing. It has been thought necessary to include, as well as the songs and the rivalry with "The Great Vance" over singing them (STANLEY HOLLOWAY as *Vance* is alone worth more than the price of admission), one of those cooked-up sub-plots about the young lord's love for the young dancer whose mother was loved by the young lord's father; but although this bristles with cliché-situations it does no great harm. There is sometimes an agreeable hint of the early René Clair pictures in the management and lighting of the exterior scenes, particularly the duel ("Doctors on the left, undertakers on the right"). And you should not miss Mr. HOLLOWAY as "The Lion Comique."

I see Mr. *Emmanuel* (Director: HAROLD FRENCH) described as a tear-jerker, which I think is wrong. When the movies want to jerk tears, they go about it more efficiently than this. They can wring tears out of many a cynic with devices that he perfectly

well recognizes to be as stale, artificial and calculated as the doctor's blow with the knee-jerk hammer. None of these devices is used here, and I was left almost totally unmoved except by

my purely intellectual appreciation of the plight of the old man alone in the foreign and savage country (Germany, 1938). This is the story (from LOUIS GOLDING's novel) of an elderly Jew who goes from England to Berlin to try to trace the mother of a boy refugee. As this quixotic, determined, alternately vague and shrewd old man FELIX AYLMER gives a performance of considerable charm. Looking back, I get the impression that until now Mr. AYLMER has always been given the same sort of prim-solicitor part; here he gets a change that must have been as welcome to him as it is to us. The picture is slow, improbable and sentimentally done, and yet it held my interest; I think Mr. AYLMER is the person to thank.



RIVALS

<i>George Leybourne</i>	TOMMY TRINDER
<i>Bessie</i>	BETTY WARREN
<i>The Great Vance</i>	STANLEY HOLLOWAY

[Champagne Charlie]



[Mr. Emmanuel]

KNIGHT-ERRANT

Mr. Emmanuel. . . . FELIX AYLMER

The same land two years earlier (1936) is the scene of *The Seventh Cross* (Director: FRED ZINNEMANN), but there is a striking technical difference between the two films: here we seem to have moved from the amateur world into the professional—into a world of skilled craftsmen, absolute masters of their tools and material, from a world of cheerful though industrious improvisers who are doing the best they can manage. This is a pursuit-story, in essence frankly a thriller, with SPENCER TRACY as the last of seven fugitives from a concentration camp. It is admirably done, with some of the most brilliant subsidiary-part acting I have seen for years. Even Mr. TRACY does not stand out so much as usual. The playing of HUME CRONYN in particular as the good-hearted, not-very-bright friend of the fugitive, is of the kind that continually strikes out of the audience little murmurs of delighted approval. The convention of the commentary by the disembodied voice of another of the prisoners becomes a little tiresome; but the picture, as a piece of craftsmanship and a story of excitement and suspense, is good.

Government Girl (Director: DUDLEY NICHOLS) is another of those comedies about war-time Washington, with the usual stuff about overcrowding, but more emphasis than usual on politics and intrigue. The end is poor, OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND I think is too consciously bright and playful, and the whole picture would gain if the comic scenes were done with more tongue-in-the-cheek solemnity; but it's amusing enough. R. M.

The Decision

"It's rather a difficult decision to make, sergeant."

"Very difficult decision to make, sir."

"I should say ten or twelve. What would you say?"

"I should say ten or twelve, sir."

"I should think ten would be about the right figure."

"Ten *would* be about right, sir."

"On the other hand, it would be awkward if we needed twelve. Perhaps we ought to put down twelve."

"I should say twelve *would* be about right, sir."

"I know, I'll get a decision from the C.O. on the phone now. . . . Put me through to the C.O., please."

"We must be prepared, sir; these days anything may happen."

"Yes, that's true. Warm, isn't it."

"Very warm, sir."

"Ah, good morning, sir. Doolittle here, sir. Fine morning, sir. Little wa—cold, sir, yes, decidedly nippy. It's about Form B.F.1, sir. I was wondering what figure to put down. . . . Fifteen, sir? Yes, that's the figure I had in mind myself. Yes, sir, it is a difficult decision to make. We must be prepared, these days anything may happen. . . . Refer to Corps, sir? Brigadier Crackling? Very good, sir. Good-bye, sir. . . . Put me through to Corps, please. Brigadier Crackling. . . . Lucky we didn't put down ten or twelve, sergeant. The C.O. says fifteen."

"Fifteen *would* be about right, sir."

"Ah, good morning, sir! Fine morning. Little col—warm, sir, yes, decidedly stuffy. About Form B.F.1, sir; a question of what figure to put down. . . . Eleven, sir? Yes, that's the figure I had in mind myself. We must be prepared, sir, these days anything may happen. . . . Command, sir? General Snapdragon? Very good, sir. Good-bye, sir. . . . Put me through to Command, please—General Snapdragon. . . . No initiative, sergeant, that's what's wrong with Crackling. . . . Ah, good morning, sir! Fine morning, sir. Oh, *very* good, sir, very witty indeed. Do you mind if I just repeat that to my sergeant? . . . The General says that to an efficient officer *every* morning is a fine morning."

"Oh, *very* good, sir, very witty indeed."

"It's about Form B.F.1, sir. I was wondering what figure to put down. . . . Nine, sir? Yes, that's the figure I had in mind myself. Oh, very true, sir, very true indeed. Do you mind if I



"So what?"

just repeat that to my sergeant? . . . The General says that we must be prepared, these days anything may happen."

"Oh, very true, sir, very true indeed."

"Yes, sir, it is a tricky decision to make. . . . Quartermaster-General, sir? Very good, sir, yes, absolutely foul. Put me through to War Office, please. Quartermaster-General. . . . Ah, good morning, sir! Fine morning—*foul* morning, sir, yes, absolutely foul. As I always say, sir, to an efficient officer *every* morning is a foul morning. About Form B.F.1, sir. A question of what figure to put down. . . . Two million, sir? Yes, sir. Very good, sir. Good-bye, sir. . . . Good heavens, sergeant, he says two million!"

"Seems rather a lot for this unit, sir."

"Well, that's the final decision. It isn't for us to question orders."

"No, sir."

"Fill the form in and we'll get rid of it."

"Yes, sir. Er—how many noughts in two million, sir?"

"A lot. Go on till you come to the edge of the paper."

"Yes, sir. Er—how would you spell it, sir, if you were me?"

"Like the cricketer, sergeant. Better put it the Army way: HATS, BOWLER."

The Big Issue

"The big issue in the campaign on the Continent is which side can put into the battle line an army strong enough to smash the other."—*Evening paper.*



"Don't be a wretch, Philip—surely you can wait a month or two after all these years."

Ballade of the Forgotten Gun-Site

WE have not fired in wrath since—when?
We may not fire again—who knows?

In spite of which our girls, our men
Are worked much more than you suppose.
Behold, how flatteringly glows
The sun on burnished boss and shaft!
What happens when the whistle blows?
The girls fall in for Mothercraft.

We paint the Naafi brown, and then
We paint it green; we shoulder hoes;
We tend duck, doe, pig, pigeon, hen.
Si monumentum quaeris, those
White sea-shells set in nimble rows
Spell out our motto. (What a graft
That was!) Again the whistle goes . . .
The girls fall in for Mothercraft.

Our minds are stuffed with secret "gen,"
We strive, each day, to touch our toes,
We know our Bren, we know our Sten.
In vain . . . for still no nearer grows
The hour when blood is like a rose
And death is like a light. I draft
An order about khaki hose. . . .
The girls fall in for Mothercraft.

Prince, we are sad for lack of foes.
That "chairborne" taunt is simply daft.
We also served. Now, at the close,
The girls fall in for Mothercraft.

Riding

THE world has always been divided into those who ride and those who do not, each side taking the usual pleasure in its own state of mind. Each, each feels, has something over each, and each knows which has it. At the same time the non-riding half of the world is quite willing to admit that the riding half may not think much of it, which is more than you can honestly say of the riding half. So it may be said that there is something in all of us which responds to the sight of a horse being ridden in the right clothes, or what ordinary people take to be the right clothes. So much for the general situation; now I shall get a bit technical.

It is well known that the term "horses" includes both horses and ponies in the riding world. I mean, the public knows it may not call a horse a pony, but hopes it does not matter if it sometimes calls a pony a horse. The ponies are the small ones, and it is easy to recognize one if there is a horse to measure it by. There are also cobs, hacks, hunters and so on—unless I have said them all, in which case not—but these are, to the public, subdivisions and best left alone. Another fact most people are fairly sure of is that white horses are called greys, which would mean that greys must be called something else, but they have never heard what. Anyway, it is safer not to refer to any horse by the colour it is, because the colouring of horses, as of silk stockings, is what philosophers call esoteric, or a bit unnecessary. It is nice to think that a piebald horse is a piebald horse whatever experts call it, because the public has adopted it as something to wish at. The height of a horse is measured in hands. This is all right with the public; if it was feet or inches no one would be any surer which bit of the horse it went up to. Other points of a riding-horse's appearance are that it is smooth and shiny and kept thus by those clippers people get the backs of their necks trimmed with (though ponies are sometimes allowed sort of unreclaimed areas like hearthrugs) and is equipped with a saddle and a bridle with no blinkers. To most people a normal horse has blinkers, which makes an unblinkered horse interesting for that fact alone, and why people are so blinker-minded is because when they drew a horse in their childhoods they got into the way of putting in blinkers to show it was a horse. Horses live in stables, and the top half of stable doors swing open so that horses can put their heads through to be photographed. When they are not putting their heads through doors horses face the other way in their stables, partly to get at the food the other end and partly to frighten visitors.

What of the appearance of the people who ride the horses? Well, we can be sure of recognizing them because they will be wearing a combination of some of the following clothes: bowler hats, peaked caps, top hats, no hats, loud checked coats, quiet checked coats, breeches, yellow jerseys, horseshoe scarves, the sort of boots you cannot get off or on, and fragments of straw. It cannot be over-emphasized that, however often ordinary people see riders in real life, they got their first impression of them from drawings, so that riders will always be, to the outside world, people in fancy dress, which means that the effect cannot be overdone and yet is never anything else. I should add that a dressed-up rider is even more interesting when walking along without a horse than when riding one, just as a dog-collar is more interesting when you find it hanging on a gate than when you see it on a dog. Other facts about riders are that they eat big teas and get

up long before breakfast, especially if they hunt. The general attitude to those who hunt, by the way, is a bit contradictory. People may be as theoretically opposed to hunting as may be, but they never find it easy to call a hound a dog to a hunting person's face, unless they do it by mistake, when it is only too easy.

Riding itself is an accomplishment, or something we can't do unless we can. A good deal has been written about riding as an accomplishment, but perhaps not enough about how it seems to those who have only ridden once or twice, which is what a great many people have only ridden. To such people a horse is very big and slippery when being got on to, and far from the ground when surmounted. To make up for this it has a nice horse-like smell and the view is good. A horse walks, trots or gallops. It walks when it is going away from its home and gallops when returning there; it can be exhorted up to trotting when walking but not down to anything when galloping. Galloping calls for nothing more than the will to stay on, and walking for nothing more than occasionally re-finding the stirrups without the horse noticing, but trotting calls for bouncing up and down, not by accident as would happen anyway, but according to a set plan. Riding, in fact, is not the light-hearted business for such people that real riders think it is—I mean that real riders think such people think it is.

I must now say a few words about horse-shows, gymkhanas and so on. They have certain very marked characteristics, one being a strange affinity with outdoor sales of work. Both are held outdoors and both are apt to get the wrong kind of clothes worn at them; horse-shows usually turning out too hot and sales of work too cold. Otherwise the two ceremonies are not much alike. People at horse-shows give an impression of tweed and like to sit on shooting-sticks, if they have got them; if not, they will probably be allowed one for just long enough to give them as horsey an attitude to life as if they were actually taking part in the show. A unique feature of all horse-shows is that, although the audience starts out dead keen on horses, it ends up with wanting to scream if it sees another. Not that many people would admit this—not even the most bohemian, because probably one of their party has paid for the rest, which ensures everyone looking keen. The audience of a horse-show is always made up of two sorts, the more horsey or less bohemian, and the more bohemian or less horsey; and it is a queer reflection on bohemians that you so often find them at horse-shows. Psychologists think they may not have known they were so bohemian until they actually got into the horse-show, when relativity became too much for them. Horse-show bohemians are apt (in normal times) to suck toffees and think the horses' names funnier than they are; non-bohemians are apt to be related to some horses in the show and to be therefore very smug.

It says much for something or other that such different types can get so welded together into that feeling of communal benevolence which is such a feature of horse-shows—a feeling, however inarticulate, that they have all taken part in something they have all taken part in. It is this sort of thing which makes horse-riding the institution it is; and (psychologists tell us) it is this same inarticulate feeling which gives ordinary people that glow of honest pride when stopped and spoken to by a horse-rider, especially if they can gear themselves up to stroking the horse's nose.

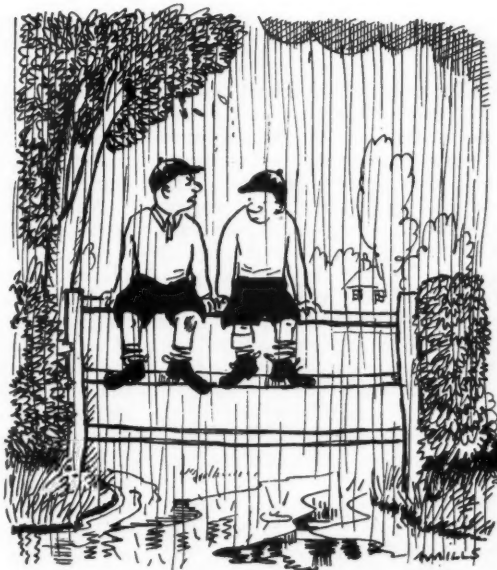
Finally, I see that I have said nothing about horse-racing, but I don't see why I should; because this has no more to do with horse-riding than juggling with three oranges has to do with oranges.

The Scolemistresse

WITH us ther was the mistresse of a scole
That was y-clad in gowne as blak as cole.
Curteis she was, and eke of tendre herte;
She wolde nat smiten with a yerde smerte
The yonge girles if they were out of honde,
Or wolde nat lerne hir wordes, or understonde,
Or if hir sommes were nat wrought a-righte;
Yet coude she quelle hem with hir eyen brighte.
In ferne stedes had she ben a geste,
For she with hem had woned fer by weste
Whan that the bombes fil up-on the tounne,
And whan the doodle bugges dove doune
With hem she hadde gon to Manchester
Or Hodersfeld or Leedes—I noot nat wher.
A-morwe wolde she write a smale stroke
Agen hir names ranged in a boke.
Of lowly service she mad no stinte;
Milke she pored by the thridde-pinte
That hem mighte yeven strengthe if they were weke,
Or maken hale whan that they were seke.
At mete sat she atte bordes hede,
And seyde grace, and yaf al' hir rede
That everich cop and plate were clene
And on the nappe were no ferthing sene
Of grece whan they eten had hir fille.
Eger was she of lore, and strong of wille;
And yet she seyde hir lerning stod for naughte;
So bisy was she that she seldon taughte.
Up-on the brygge of hir nose ther was
Y-wrought with turtle shelle an ye-glas,
For she was dim of sighte, troth to telle.
This worthy mistresse highte Isobelle.

Science Marches On.

"Production of Vitamin B2 in 1944 is expected to be about three times greater than in 1441."—*Bermuda paper.*



"I bet the gutters ain't 'alf full back in Camberwell!"



"It's very pleasant here—you hardly know you're in the country."

Whither Soccer?

I AM very worried about soccer. My paper tells me that the new secondary schools (envisaged in the Education Act) will favour rugby football on economic grounds. The reasoning is interesting. The rugger team is fifteen strong: the soccer team only eleven. On ten acres of playing field three hundred boys could play rugby football; only two hundred and twenty could play soccer. Rugger exercises 36·3 per cent. more boys than soccer. But the rugby game lasts only seventy minutes against soccer's ninety, so that . . . Oh, gosh! Well, in round figures rugger is at least fifty per cent. cheaper to education authorities than soccer.

The inferences are clear. Soccer, latterly the sport of the masses, will soon become the indulgence of the privileged few. Rugger will be capitalized by pools-promoters and will go

professional. Soccer, like yachting and polo, will be reserves for millionaires.

But wait—all is not lost. Two things can be done.

We might reduce the area of the soccer pitch.

We might increase the number of players.

There is much to be said for both suggestions. Clearly the soccer field is at present far too large. The only area that really matters is the bit near the goals. The half-way line could be abolished and the corner flags brought within the penalty area.

The soccer team should consist of sixteen players—as in chess. The five new positions should be:

1. Public Relations Officer—to keep an eye on the crowd and make snappy ripostes.

2. Liaison Officer—to keep an eye (at least) on the referee.

3. Propaganda Expert—to submit appeals for "penalties" and to incite the team to kick, charge or trip.

4. Decoy—to wear the jersey of the opposing side.

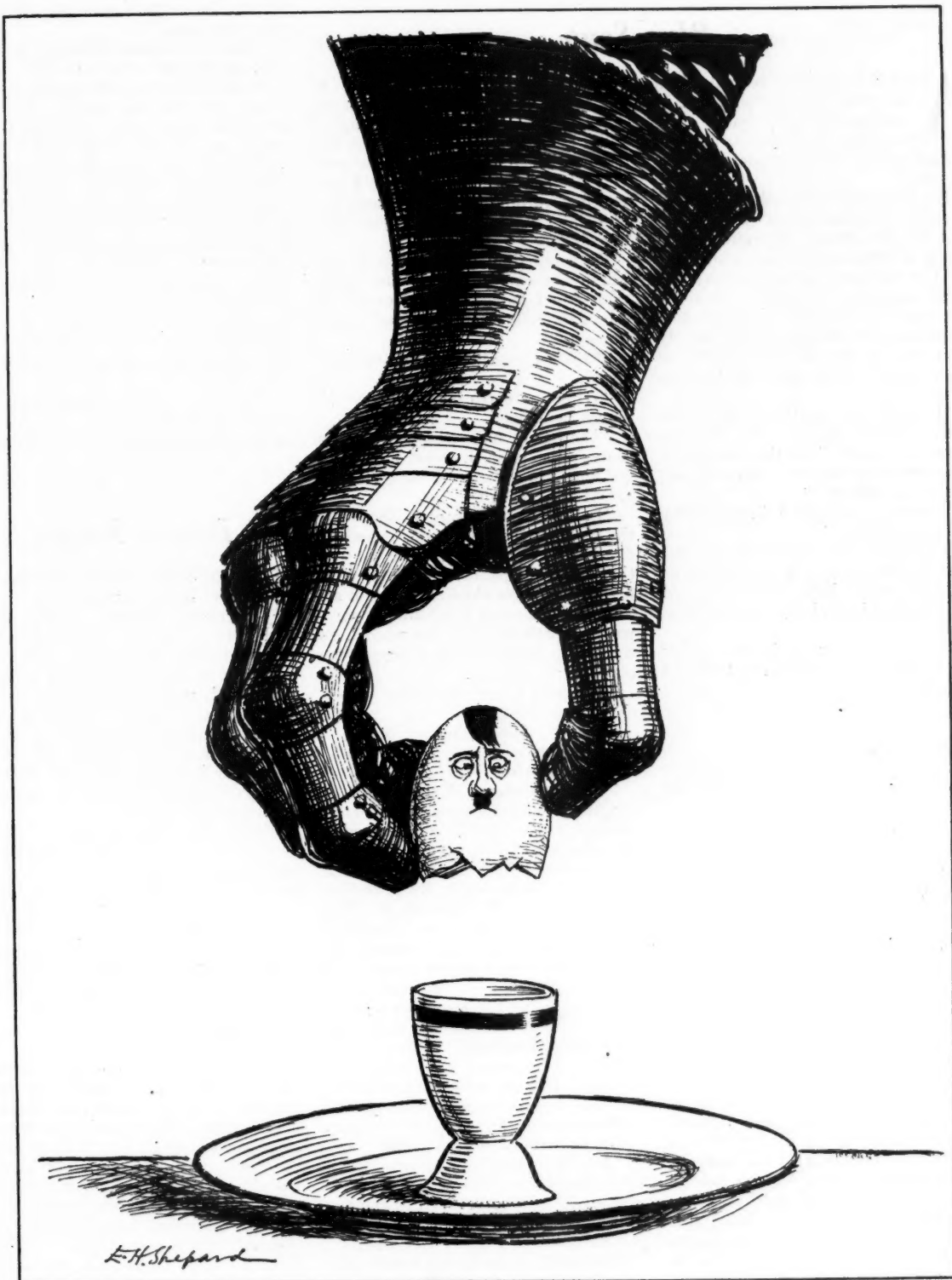
5. Player-accountant—to arrange the terms of a player's transfer to the other side while the game is in progress.

If these suggestions are adopted soccer has nothing to fear from rugby. We live in an age of revolutions. Now is the time to put soccer's house in order.

o o

Great Strength Rings the Bell.

"On the Eastern Front the Russians have reached both Bucharest and Ploesti, and are forcing the Carpathians into Hungary."—*Leading article.*



FESTUNG EUROPA

Blue Soup

A VOICE came unexpectedly from the other side of the hedge. A muffled but angry voice.

"Will you kindly stop your damned animal eating the camouflage on my tin hat?"

The Bathchair, whose head was out of sight, went on eating. I could tell that by the steady engorging movements at the receiving end of his neck.

"I'm not in a position to deny this horse anything," I said. "It's the first time I've ever ridden, and to start interfering with its diet when I've only been solo for five minutes would be sheer lunacy. You must see that for yourself?"

"I can't see anything from this ditch. I don't mind it eating the oak-leaves so much; but the netting is Government property. Dammit, sir, this is an outrage!"

"Couldn't you move just a teeny bit to one side?"

"Certainly not. I'm a sniper. If I start dodging hungry horses I shall be a marked man. Why didn't you feed the wretched brute before you brought it out?"

"Because I saw to it that every reasonable step was taken to lower its cruising-speed and reduce its range. This unforeseen tanking-up on your hat may have very grave consequences."

"I can't believe you've never been on a horse before, anyway," said the voice.

"I don't care what you believe," I said. "I never have."

"Why not?"

"There have been good reasons."

"What kind of reasons?"

"Reasons not unconnected with horses."

I really didn't see why I should recount to a perfectly strange militiaman on the other side of a hedge the extraordinary story of how a Cambridge cart-horse, unbalanced by a narrow life in the coal-trade and backed by a ton of kitchen-nuts, had sprung at me from an alleyway in Silver Street in the spring of 1925, and how, baulked of its innocent victim by a matter of millimetres, the creature had sent out an immediate signal on the horses' private bush-telegraph that I was to be added permanently to the black list. It was a peculiar history and one which had held many intelligent persons spellbound, but it was obviously not to be shouted through hawthorn quickset with any hope of success.

"Why are you riding now, then?"

"My great-grandson is about to enter the Horse Marines and I am determined to set the lad an example."

"If I could only see you through this damned hedge I'd be able to deal with you later," hissed the voice. "I give you fair warning. When I count five I'm going to dig my nail-file into your horse's face."

He counted five, there was a long whinnying explosion, and the Bathchair and I moved smartly on to the top of the hill, where we found James waiting.

"This is a beastly form of transport," I said.

"Where on earth have you been?" James demanded.

"The Bathchair stopped for a snack," I explained, "and I couldn't get him into reverse. I haven't been tossed yet, though."

"Let's get on. I want to show you the view on the other side." And he dug his heels into the bulging sides of the White Elephant, the horse that foxes bring their children to laugh at. The Bathchair and I followed down a winding path through the wood. As we got up speed a branch tapped me playfully in the eye.

"I'm glad I saw my barber yesterday," I shouted.

"Why?" James shouted back.

"Absalom."

"Oh, that chap."

"Yes, that chap," I shouted.

After a bit communications grew easier. James called: "Remember the man who spent his life trying to grow a black tulip? I'm eaten up with the idea of blue soup. Even Brillat-Savarin never thought of it. The other primary colours are accounted for, bortsch for red and chicken for yellow. But clear melted sapphire in a snowy porcelain! Just think of it! What a gambit for Armistice night!"

"It shouldn't be difficult, with clear stock and a blue-bag."

"That's cheating. It must be natural. I'm experimenting with the lichens. But so far green will creep in."

We stopped.

"Is that the view?" I asked.

"It's the best view in the south of England," said James. "There's absolutely nothing between us and the Downs."

"Except a very heavy wet mist."

"Except a very heavy wet mist," James admitted, and sadly we began to ride home.

I said: "How about woad?"

"It would give a lovely colour, but

I can't find anyone who can tell me if it's poisonous."

"Well, the Romans licked the Ancient Britons and got away with it."

At this point the path narrowed, and James led the way again. He was round the next corner when the Bathchair put his fat woolly foot into a rabbit-hole and catapulted me gently over his head. We were neither of us much hurt, but it was agreed without a show of hooves that we should walk home. So it was that when we came on James he was deep in conversation with a member of the Home Guard. They appeared to be expressing contrasting points of view, the H.G. with some heat, and it was noticeable that his helmet was fretted curiously at the rim.

After the quickest Staff talk on record the Bathchair and I embarked upon a slight detour. ERIC.

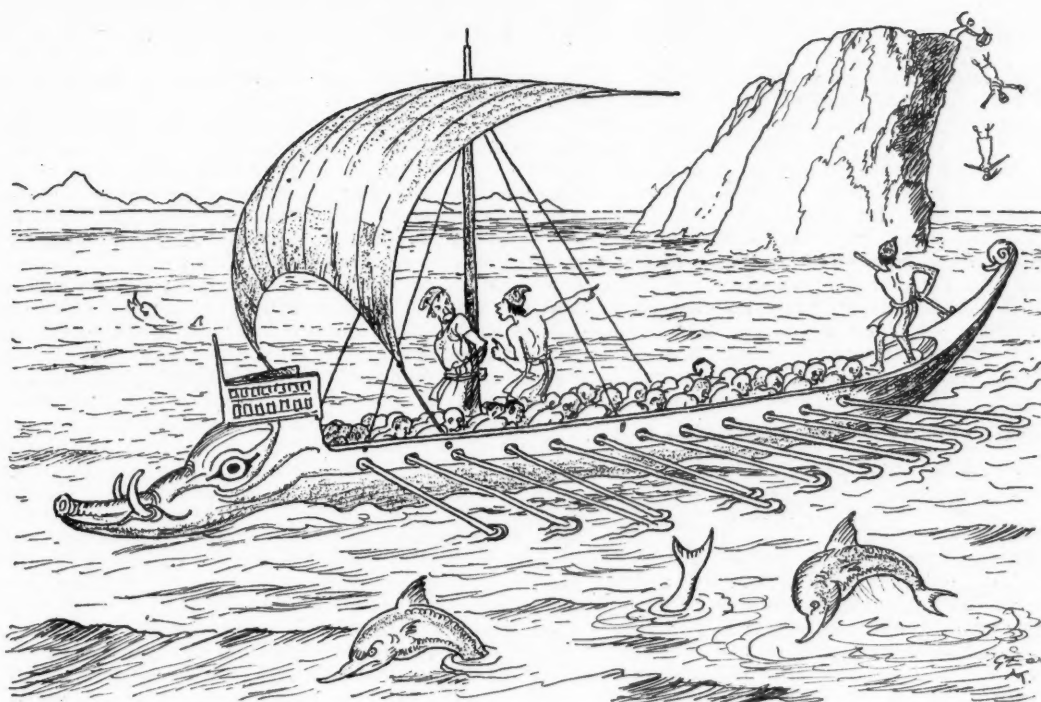
Divers Rivers

FROM Cæsar's standard-bearer to those hardy civilians who have recently braved mines, fines and even publicity, sea-bathing has always ranked high among the cults which have made this island what it is: indeed, without the sea it would hardly count as an island at all. When George III entered the water at Weymouth to the strains of "God Save The King" he was only showing a respect for tradition to be expected in the Age of Reason.

Yet in this land of many streams and divers rivers, when the supply of sea-bathing is almost entirely restricted to the black market, nearly all prefer to stand in queues for the privilege of entering rectangular "pools" of diluted chlorine, where ear-plugs are essential alike to exclude the shrill cacophony of youth movement and to preserve the ear-drums from chemical erosion.

In many respects rivers are even preferable to the sea for bathing. In flavour, except in the more confined harbours, sea-water is much the same anywhere. No experienced river-bather could confuse the waters of the Trent, especially below Burton, with those of the Severn; while the Thames addict has only to dive in to detect instantly not only in what section of the river he has immersed himself but what time of year it is and what was the cargo towed by the last tug. Sea-water may be rich in iodine, but the Thames is at least equally rich in everything else—animal, vegetable and mineral.

Not all rivers are equally suitable for



"All right now, Captain. That's the All Clear."

swimming. Into some it is inadvisable to plunge head-first owing to inadequately-clothed beds, into others owing to the risk of ramming the other side before pulling out of the dive. In the shallower places near to civilization there is a thick carpet of jagged tins and broken bottles which makes a pair of service boots a desirable adjunct to a bathing-costume. It is quite possible that the deeper parts are just as thickly strewn, but to the bather the point is purely academic.

In a stream of sufficient size one can always swim. Unless a bathe happens to coincide with an eagre or bore, there are no breakers to upset the symmetrical perfection of the classical breast-stroke, no sudden lops to strike the unwary on the back of the head and fill his lungs with health-giving brine. Moreover, in the sea there is nowhere to go: having swum out as far as he deems expedient, the reveller can only turn round and swim back. A river, on the other hand, has always a minimum of two banks.

Some faddists have been known to complain of that very variety of bottom which is one of the chief charms of river-bathing. They find it

hard, they say, to reconcile the notion of deliberately immersing their feet in slime, weeds or jagged stones with their ideals of comfort. This is one of the points in which Dorcas falls short of perfection, and it is vain to explain to her that she has only, in order to transport herself mentally to the Mediterranean, to imagine that the caressing touch of a weed fastening itself round an ankle is the tentacle of an octopus; or that slime and snags are no worse than jellyfish and crabs. To float along gently on the current, gazing up through the foliage of willow or chestnut, is worth a little preliminary privation.

One thing it is necessary for all river-bathers to remember—that it is much easier to get into a river than out of it. I myself learnt this years ago when bathing from an eyot or ait by Shiplake. Having dived into deep water I swam about for a time like some elemental sprite. When, however, I wanted to get out and dress I found that the bank was of such a height that I could only just reach the top. It was also undermined, so that there was no grip for my feet. There I hung ignominiously until Dorcas, with many

discouraging words, hauled me up inch by inch, scraping my front all the way down and plastering the wounds with a thick layer of clay. There was then nothing to be done but to dive in again and wash it off.

o o

Timber-Hitch

OH, Bretton Woods were bright and fair,
Dumbarton Oaks are green,
An' ye may gather new plans there
Will make the world a queen;
But other folks maun say their say,
In words nor lang nor bonny,
Among the gallows-trees of Spree
That are as braw as ony.

J. B. N.

o o

The Long Way Round

"Over 70 Londonderry women, who have married American naval men during their stay at the U.S. Naval Base, left Londonderry recently on the 15,000-ton ship *Marine Raven*. The brides are going to the homes of Americans all over the U.S. for destroying the stray dogs and cats of Lisbon."—*Hants paper*.

Five Years

WELL, well, old ship, so you have had five years of war. At 0915, on Saturday, September 2nd, 1939—do you remember?—the secret signal came—"STANHOPE". "Repair to your station as ordered. (Why "Stanhope"? Have you forgotten? Because Lord Stanhope was First Lord of the Admiralty.)

So M. and I carted the old iron rations over the mud and away we steamed under the new balloons.

The balloons had sprung up during the night, and were very comforting. "Ha, ha," we said, "who says we are not prepared?"

Nevertheless, at the bend we took a long look back at the old home, which we did not seriously expect to see again. If it was not blown to bits that day it would be the next.

You were very smart that day, with a new coat of paint, white topsides, and Oxford blue the hull. On September 2nd you were to have carried the family on a holiday trip up-river to Oxford. Instead, we proceeded to Lambeth Pier, determined to defend the integrity of Poland. And all up and down the river, for sixty miles, the other little ships repaired to their stations too. There was never a more punctual mobilization.

And since then, with your humble eighteen horses, you have steamed about 18,000 miles—it may be more. You did not expect that, did you? Nor did anyone else.

Do you remember that awful Saturday night? It was, I think, the worst night of the war. *Our* war had not technically begun, and did not begin till next day; but it was the first night of the black-out, in the little cabin it was stiflingly hot, and outside there was "tropical" rain, thunder and lightning. Do you remember? The House of Commons was in anxious session, and no one knew what was happening. We lay at the Pier, sweating, and deafened with the rain on the deck. Presently Bill (he is now a Privy Councillor) came across from the House with another Member. They were in a great state of mental distress after the debate. "It's too hot," said Bill. "It's suffocating. Open your windows!" "Goodness, no!" we said. "Don't you know there's a war on? We can't open the ports because of the black-out." "Nonsense!" said Bill. "There's no war on! France has ratted; and God knows what England's going to do. Either we rat as well or we fight Germany

alone. . . . Open the windows!" A horrible story. The rain redoubled—the thunder crashed. But we still stuck to our black-out; and Bill went away.

And next morning the sun shone, the nightmare was forgotten, and happily—yes—we went to war. I anchored you—do you remember?—by the Speaker's steps and went ashore to hear the Prime Minister. As I crossed New Palace Yard that first siren went. The policemen tried to look as if they heard nothing, and confessed that they could not interpret the true significance of the sound. But I said "Just like Hitler!" and ran like a hare to the Speaker's Steps. Already they were getting your anchor up; already the dinghy was coming off. We were away in a minute and steamed back at full speed to our station, convinced that London would be flat in about half an hour, and all our powerful aid would be required. And how the Members on the terrace cheered! We waved our ensign at them.

Night after night, for many months, we expected London to be flat, but it wasn't. We also—do you remember?—expected the I.R.A. to drop bombs on Westminster Pier; but they didn't. We patrolled, and watched, and practised, we picked up patient bodies from the bottom of deep lighters, and lashed them to stretchers, and transferred them to hospital ships under way. On dark nights you nosed with apprehension through bridges that had no lights, and had hair-raising escapes from collision with unlighted tugs. From time to time, when they thinned out the fleet, they came and inspected you, and they said that obviously you were quite unfitted for war-work in a tough river; but somehow you remained.

Then, in the spring of 1940, you thrust your way down to the broad rough reaches at the other end, and saw Southend Pier, and met the enemy. You looked a little small down there, and many a boisterous day they said that you would sink, but you didn't. You patrolled Sea Reach all night and most of the day, and found yourself, with some surprise, part of a "Striking Force," prepared to repel the invading enemy with one rifle and several rounds of .303. Meanwhile, in the air, the enemy was busy down there, long before he ventured near London. One night he set the oil-tanks alight and dropped a bomb a few

yards from your starboard bow—very nearly a direct hit. It must have been a smallish bomb, but it left you with many wounds and splinters in your buxom hull, and wounded the mate, at the helm, in the head. (Your captain, fortunately for him, was listening to a speech by Mr. Churchill in London.)

Dunkirk came, and you and your sister-ships tugged at their moorings; but after much debate they would not send you, for fear of leaving Father Thames quite naked. It was a compliment; but you never forgave them. In that weather even you could have got across. And then one night, at midnight, they came and asked if you would join the Navy. You had never thought of this, but you said "Yes, of course." They painted you battleship-grey and gave you a White Ensign.

That was a thrilling day. You expanded visibly. From time to time they inspected you again and said that you were quite unsuitable for war-work in a tough river. But now you had two machine-guns and two rifles, and two cutlasses, and two revolvers. And a real compass-adjuster came and adjusted your compass. You did not care how unsuitable you were.

The Battle of the Thames was on, which began many months before the Battle of Britain and continued many months after. You became the Mail-and-Store Boat, and steamed forty-five miles a day, piled high with ammunition and oil and blankets and rockets and cutlasses and recruits and furniture and brooms and mess-traps and secret orders and toilet-paper. The enemy dropped mines and the Port was closed, the big ships tied up, and all the mine-sweepers came out. But you, they said, were so unsuitable for warfare no mine would look at you. So many a day you steamed from Chelsea to the Lobster Smack, as lonely as Lady Godiva, meeting no one but the sweepers. In six months you steamed six thousand miles, fog, storm or sun. Your eighteen poor old horses protested; but they kept on. The fast boats, the suitable boats, collapsed and went into dock. But you kept on. And they still said that you were quite unusually slow and quite unsuitable for war-work in a tough river.

You went through the smoke and sparks off the Surrey Docks on September 7th, 1940, astonished that you did not burst into flames. Sometimes you ventured to fire your

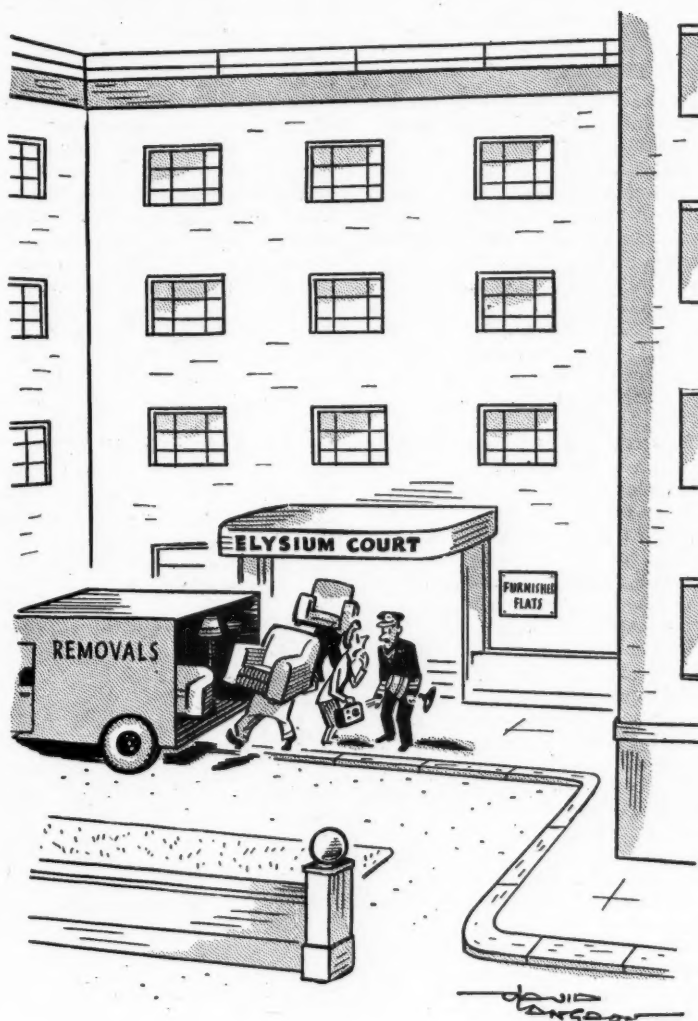
machine-guns at the enemy; but this caused so much complaint and protest that you gave it up.

At last the eighteen horses mutinied. They picked you up with a crane and dropped you in a great dock where you shared the crane with a destroyer. (It is not every heavily-armed warship that can be picked up with a crane and tossed about like a suit-case.) And the old horses have rebelled once or twice since then; but they still rattle along.

You had a happy year training Wrens in boat's-crew work. You liked that, and they loved you. People laughed at the little Wrens at first, zig-zagging about the River, tailoresses and hairdressers and sempstresses who had never been on the water before. But very soon they laughed no more. And your Wrens are running their own boats in the harbours all round the coast, bless them.

All the time people kept saying. Isn't it dull—running up and down the same old river? Well, it may be dull running up and down the same sixty miles of sea. But sixty miles of narrow river, with a strong tide and numerous obstructions and war-traffic in a hurry, can never be exactly dull—not on a dark night, anyhow, not even in these easier days, when there are lights on the bridges and the buoys, and not in a thick fog with a big steamer "blowing" round the corner. You never found it "dull", I think. There was too much to learn every day, and too many good friendly fellows to wave to, and too many exciting misfortunes falling suddenly out of the blue. Do you remember when the rudder fell off? Do you remember when I tied you up to the red buoy marking a suspected mine? Do you remember how we rammed the Ovens on a night exercise? And how we went through that spiky boom in a dense fog with a flood-tide under you? And the day that engine-man fired the Lewis gun in the cabin? And how, one chilly dawn, we ordered a destroyer to alter course—and she did! Dull?

And then—how many years it seems, old girl!—it was never dull to watch the "Second Front" growing up before our eyes, quietly, busily, in every reach. The barges, and the landing-craft—and all those queer shapes and devices which even now we mustn't mention—and more and more vessels wearing the Stars and Stripes; and at last that tremendous massing of ships, the like of which the River has never seen, and, I suppose, will never see again. No, no, it was not dull to see them come, and to see them go: nor did you find it dull, I think, to give



"Good heavens, George! It's only just occurred to me—that was a flat we took furnished!"

them a humble helping hand. In fact, your old hull swelled with pride if you did no more than carry a pilot to them, or take a last letter for a merchant seaman.

No, no, the only dreary time has been the Doodle Time, about which nothing could be done; and even that had moments which might fairly be described as interesting and eventful.

Five years. Eighteen thousand miles. A thousand miles a horse. And all this time, old girl, you have been quite unsuitable for war-work in a tough river. Never mind. You are still afloat, scarred, and wheezing a little, but afloat—and mobile. One

day soon, perhaps, you shall have a coat—two coats—of Oxford blue, and make that trip to Oxford after all. Or who knows, perhaps you will patrol the Rhine? A. P. H.

"Rain fell heavily in the Straits of Dover this morning, but later the sun broke." *Staffs paper.*

What do you mean, but?

"They were received, on behalf of the manager . . . by Lady B—, and each soldier was handed a packet of cigarettes, kindly lent by Mrs. —."—*Yorks paper.*

Did nobody lend any matches?

At the Play

"PEER GYNT" (NEW)

THE Old Vic Theatre Company has hurtled into London with IBSEN's wild north-easter. There is a grand buffeting here for any playgoer who does not mind being tempest-tossed. Even in a cut text—the full play is longer than *Hamlet*—the philosophic fantasy of *Peer Gynt* lasts for more than three hours. Apart from its sudden lull in the desert (we can hardly cherish IBSEN's version of "Africa and golden joys") much of it has a stinging exhilaration: Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON, as its monarch of egoists, now survives the test like an Olympic athlete.

Details of *Peer's* progress from the interrupted wedding to the play's dying fall, the reunion with *Solveig* forty years on, may sometimes baffle. ("Interesting but tough," as Huck Finn said on another occasion.) Still, it is a virtue of this revival that the argument is made as clear as possible: we are disturbed less than we used to be by a clashing of symbols. As in the last major production at the Old Vic, so in this: nothing impresses more than the scene in which *Peer* plays at coachman to his dying mother and, lit by the wayward flame of his imagination, sees himself galloping with her towards the halls of heaven and Saint Peter's challenge. Mr. RICHARDSON renders the speech with a fine impetus and conviction, and Dame SYBIL THORNDIKE's *Aase* compels tears. A twin peak in this revival is the Asylum scene, savagely ironical and directed with inspiration by Mr. GUTHRIE. Here the play rises steeply from *Peer's* desert hours as a minor prophet and his dalliance with the gold-digging *Anitra* (Miss VIDA HOPE)—later a heavy item on his prophet-and-loss account.

Mr. RICHARDSON shoulders the piece. Whether as flying Norseman, as the middle-aged *Peer* pavilioned among the sands, or as the racked elder, his performance lacks nothing in variety, pace, and acute intelligence. Others

in the Old Vic Company follow their leader. Thus Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN makes a sharp grotesque of the *King of the Trolls* who rules his green court in a green shade; Miss JOYCE REDMAN preserves *Solveig's* simplicity without edging into the sentimental; Mr. HARCOURT WILLIAMS gustily embodies the amiable lunatic who crowns *Peer* in the asylum; and Miss MARGARET LEIGHTON's troll temptress comes straight from the pine-forests, crags, and haunted caverns of folk-tale. When the play is approaching its end



BUTTON-HOLED BY THE BUTTON MOULDER

Peer Gynt Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON
Moulder of Buttons Mr. LAURENCE OLIVIER

Mr. LAURENCE OLIVIER brings an uncanny radiance to the *Button Moulder*. This teasing part demands, but seldom gets, an actor of Mr. OLIVIER's quality.

Mr. TYRONE GUTHRIE's production enriches the London stage. Its rout of trolls, its shadow-show in the Boyg scene, the bare cottage of the dying *Aase*, the Asylum's frenzy, the benighted ship, *Solveig's* hut seen mistily through the last dropping veils of lawn—for these we are in Mr. GUTHRIE's debt. (Possibly the third act might benefit a little from more kindly light amid the encircling gloom).

Mr. NORMAN GINSBURY's new translation is lively and apt; Mr. HERBERT MENGES conducts an orchestra which does justice to Grieg's music; and the production as a whole—the first of a repertory season—gives much honour to the new "Old Vic." J. C. T.

"ARMS AND THE MAN" (NEW)

After the Scandinavian the Shavian, as Dame SYBIL THORNDIKE says in the rhyming address (by another hand) with which this revival unexpectedly ends. The first of Shaw's

Plays Pleasant, now produced by Mr. JOHN BURRELL, enters the Old Vic repertory as a gay interlude between the stormy night of *Peer Gynt* and the red morning of *Richard the Third*. The G.B.S. of fifty years ago, guying fancy-dress heroics and the romantic view of war, remains irresistible. We are grateful for the sight of Mr. LAURENCE OLIVIER cutting a dash as the sabre-rattler-in-chief, the happily ridiculous *Major Sergius Saranoff*—a Ouidaesque warrior in his sugar-stick uniform and clearly a delight for any languishing girl fed on Byron, Pushkin, and the opera season at Bucharest. Mr. OLIVIER has the nicest possible sense of burlesque: at every turn he swiftly pinks his operatic paladin, and *Arms and the Man* should be seen if only to hear him declare: "This hand is more accustomed to the sword than to the pen."

Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON's quiet method admirably serves that professional man *Bluntschli*, the "chocolate-cream soldier":

the performance, like Mr. OLIVIER's, is wittily-timed. Miss JOYCE REDMAN finds the right degree of defiance for *Louka*, the maid with ideas above her station, who pairs off with *Sergius*; Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN illumines *Major Petkoff*, obviously a foundation-stone of the local club; Dame SYBIL THORNDIKE enjoys *Catherine's* pride in her home, her electric bell, and her family descent; and Miss MARGARET LEIGHTON is a good *Raina*.

The settings and costumes which so brightly restore a vanished world are the work of Miss DORIS ZINKEISEN.

J. C. T.

Hats

"CONFOUND it," said Lieutenant Sympson, who in an idle moment had been reading some Orders that by an unlucky chance had penetrated to our remote Detachment, "you and I and Sergeant Park and all our East Africans have got to wear caps G.S. Those new things like berets. The idea started in the Tank Corps years ago, and now it has reached us."

"Personally," I said, "I think our Africans will look rather grand in them. Except that having worn slouch hats so long and having been put on so many charges for not wearing them exactly straight, it will take them years and years to become convinced that they will now be put on charges for not wearing the new hats crooked."

"I'm not worried about the men," said Sympson, "I'm thinking of the financial aspect of the affair so far as we officers are concerned. In civil life, as you know, I was originally a bank clerk, in the days when bank clerks wore bowler hats. But my first act on leaving the Bank in 1929 was to cut my bowler hat into small pieces and throw it into the West India Dock. I then became a journalist and purchased one of those green pork-pie hats that were all the rage in Fleet Street at the time. When all the editors refused my articles, however, I had to sell the hat at a loss, and went without a hat. I found that this had such an invigorating effect on my hair, which had previously shown a tendency to fall out, that even when moderate prosperity returned I still did not wear a hat."

He sighed.

"Then I joined the Army, and they gave me one of those silly little F.S. things which were so light that you couldn't tell whether you were wearing them or not. Generally when I should have been I wasn't and when I should not have been I was. However, this was the only hat I got until I was commissioned, except a steel helmet. Then I obtained my first pip and immediately became involved in a perfect welter of hats and caps. An enterprising tailor, when I was on O.C.T.U., sold me a cap F.S. with a red velvet lining, and another cap F.S. with a shot-silk lining, and two caps F.S. with Cellophane linings. I have often wondered why he did not sell me a steel helmet with an eiderdown lining, but presumably he realized that I had come to the end of my resources."



"Those guys just don't know there's a war on!"

He sighed again. Sympson makes such long speeches that his only way of getting breath is to sigh occasionally.

"Then I went to the Middle East, which is mostly Egypt, as you know. To go there I had to buy a topee, which nobody in Egypt wears except one member of the Suez Canal Company who saw a picture of General Gordon when he (the Suez man) was a boy and never got over it. Actually, topees are a good idea, like sucking oranges with lumps of sugar in a square hole, but equally not done. So I just threw it away. Then when I joined the East Africans I had to buy a slouch hat,

which cost me five shillings and ninepence. To my disgust I discovered that the Colonel always wore a cap S.D., so I did the same, and last week I decided that both my English caps S.D. were worn out, so I bought two more in Port Said. Now I must jettison these and buy a cap G.S."

He handed me the Order and I read it carefully.

"Full colonels and upwards," I pointed out, "may still wear caps S.D. with service dress."

Sympson brightened.

"I hadn't noticed that bit," he said. "My course is now clear. I will exert myself, brush my hair nicely, and grow a moustache. Rather than lose the price of my two caps S.D. I will throw caution to the winds and become a full colonel or upwards."

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



"Yes—since 1940. I wasn't going to let Hitler crow that he'd put me out."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Brangwyn Talks

Brangwyn Talks (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 2½ guineas) is a beautifully produced book, enriched by numerous pen-and-ink sketches from letters written by Sir Frank Brangwyn to the author, Mr. WILLIAM DE BELLEROCHÉ. "The sketches," Mr. BELLEROCHÉ tells us, "were never intended for publication, but the author has been fortunate in persuading this great artist to overcome his natural modesty and allow them to be reproduced." The persuasive powers of Mr. BELLEROCHÉ, his tenacity, resourcefulness and finesse, may fairly be compared with Boswell's. Since Boswell carried Dr. Johnson off to the Hebrides there has been nothing in that kind to compare with Mr. BELLEROCHÉ's invasion of Ditchling, and what resulted from it. It was in the summer of 1934, at the age of twenty-two, that Mr. BELLEROCHÉ, though previously warned that Brangwyn was a recluse and saw no one, presented himself at the painter's Sussex home, and, as the son of Albert de Belleroche, whose work Brangwyn admired, effected an entry. The visit went off excellently, and there was plenty of vivid and tempestuous talk for Mr. BELLEROCHÉ to record when he got home. By arranging with the Curator of Worthing Art Gallery for a joint exhibition of Brangwyn's work and his father's, Mr. BELLEROCHÉ contrived further opportunities for listening to Brangwyn's talks; and then

came his negotiations for an exhibition in Bruges, Brangwyn's birthplace. These were facilitated by an impression which got about among the monks with whom Mr. BELLEROCHÉ was negotiating that he was Brangwyn's adopted son; but one day, just as everything was going smoothly, Brangwyn bellowed that the exhibition must be given up. It was a check as serious as the one Boswell encountered while arranging the meeting between Dr. Johnson and Wilkes, but, like Boswell, Mr. BELLEROCHÉ survived it. Eventually, indeed, he expanded his original project of an exhibition into a permanent Brangwyn Museum. While all this was proceeding he was busily jotting down the passing remarks on art and life which give its chief charm to this most delightful book. The story closes with Brangwyn surmising that one day Mr. BELLEROCHÉ would write about "all this monastic episode," and Mr. BELLEROCHÉ confessing that he had already done so, and had also recorded all Brangwyn's talk from their first meeting. "He looks at me with a curious expression . . . It's not anger, and yet I don't quite like it." But it would be a pity to spoil this final scene by condensation. That everything ended happily may be inferred from the letter and pen-and-ink sketch with which the book opens.

H. K.

For Ever England

"Simplicity flies away, and iniquity comes at long strides upon us." "This world is trumpery at best, and now worsener and worsener to me." So, at an interval of a hundred years or so, two Norfolk doctors, Sir Thomas Browne and Dr. Messenger Monsey, diagnosed England's decay. Yet when one peruses Mr. R. W. KETTON-CREMER's eight *Norfolk Portraits* (FABER, 15/-) one finds Norfolk's quota of the Seven Deadly Sins to have remained pretty constant. All that was lacking to our forbears was modern facilities. Here, revived and displayed with a scholarly accession of intimate detail, are Norfolk worthies and their guests from the Restoration to the Regency. Charles II visiting Yarmouth is "observed to feed heartily on our sea-made herrings" and is given four gold ones; the Pastons are traced to their seedy decline in pursuit of peerages and monopolies; the Windhams become involved in the South Sea Bubble; Lord Chesterfield takes Dr. Monsey's powders; Richard Gardiner, supposed illegitimate nephew of "Horry's," builds a fortune-hunter's career, as parson, soldier, and lampoonist, on the glamour of his mother's gallantries. The most creditable of Mr. KETTON-CREMER's discoveries is the elderly Lord Leicester's epistle declining a duel, and the most topical of his studies a detailed account of Norfolk's Georgian invasion-scares.

H. P. E.

American Airman

Colonel ROBERT L. SCOTT, U.S.A.A.F., must be a born airman—a considerable oddity, really, even in these days of enthusiastic and accomplished pilots—for he is happiest in the air. The reader of *God is My Co-Pilot* (HODDER AND STROUTON, 10/6) cannot help being struck by this prevailing mood of happiness, which scarcely falters when the author's reason obliges him to admit that things were going badly. For this is an account, in the main, of American air operations over Burma and China, at a time when all the odds were blatantly against them. Even a born airman of course must learn to handle his machine, and the fact that the future Mrs. Scott was always, as if by providential arrangement, a thousand miles away from his training station was very good for the future Colonel's

flying. So were his experiences as an air-mail pilot in stormy weather and his flights to South and Central America. But once he had his wish, after years as a peace-time instructor, and escaped from home to fight over Asia, Mrs. Scott and his family themselves (he confesses) became a dim memory beside the engrossing fact of his new vocation. The result of this engrossment is a book that is more than just another war-time documentary—it shows the fulfilment of a character. Not that the documentary part is not absorbing too. It is. We have had few better pictures of Burma submerged by the advancing tide and then, little by little, partially reclaimed. But it is Colonel SCOTT's own particular escapades—notably the account of a flight alone, and without authority, over Mount Everest—that rouse one most. They are filled with this peculiar and characteristic elation, as of one at last come home.

J. S.

Fell-Heeders All

A community "with no misgivings about life" is only found among people who know their place and mean to keep it at all costs. Chance—the chance of possessing a young family which had to be moved to some place safer than Suffolk—brought Mr. ADRIAN BELL intermittently to the Westmorland fells. His family tenanted Beck Mill; Beck Mill was an appendage of Brent Farm; and it is the story of Brent Farm that makes *Sunrise to Sunset* (LANE, 7/6) the raciest and most invigorating of all its author's country chronicles. Here are men and women who turn their defects into qualities. Their snowed-up winters find them making rugs, stockings and bedding of their own wool and duck-feathers. More clement seasons see them packing baskets of produce for Kendal Free Market. Nowadays they squeeze into a bus instead of taking out the milk-float. (When there is a change, one notes, it is usually a change for the worse.) Moreover the point system has temporarily handicapped the brisk chaffering in butter and eggs that goes on so merrily over Kendal's treasured tables. But with fields too steep and bumpy for machinery, Fellside looks like holding out: to preserve a pattern of wits and brawn, contentment and individuality, for a sadder and wiser England.

H. P. E.

A Rebel in Fleet Street

Mr. COMYNS BEAUMONT, former editor of the *Bystander*, the *Graphic* and many other papers, has had an unusually varied journalistic career, which has ranged from a close association with Lord Northcliffe to a projected alliance with Lady Houston against the governments of Ramsay MacDonald and Stanley Baldwin. Being the kind of Englishman who thinks that any opinion he holds ought to be self-evident to anyone not congenitally imbecile, he writes with a gusto which should recommend his memoirs (*A Rebel in Fleet Street*, HUTCHINSON, 16/-) to most readers, though his carefree treatment of the English language may unnerve purists. Much of his book is firmly on the earth. His sketches of famous men, Lord Northcliffe, Mr. Winston Churchill at the age of thirty-seven, Sir Basil Zaharoff and others are lifelike. His account of the illustrated papers on which he worked mingles light and shadow in convincing proportions, and he narrates his personal successes and failures ("Clouds were beginning to gather about my head" is a frequent refrain) with unadorned directness. But, as is sometimes evident in his political comments, he has a fantastic vein, most freely revealed in the poignant pages he devotes to his search for the chests which he believed had been sunk in the river Wye by Francis Bacon. Edmund Spenser, Marlowe, Greene, Peele and of course William

Shakespeare were all, in Mr. BEAUMONT's opinion, Bacon's "stooges." Proof of this was in these chests, and proof too of Bacon's crowning achievement, to have been born in lawful wedlock to Queen Elizabeth. The search, through no fault of Mr. BEAUMONT's, was broken off, and "tardy justice to the memory of England's greatest genius" still remains to be rendered.

H. K.

Splendid Flower

Mr. JOHN HETHERINGTON, an Australian war correspondent, whose book, *Airborne Invasion, The Story of the Battle of Crete* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 7/6), deserves to live as a memorial not only to valour but to the blood-cost of unpreparedness, quotes on his title-page some words by Bartimeus: "The world's tragedy is that war brings it to its most splendid flower." The author mentions the "cheeseparing aid" which is all we could spare for Crete, shows the pitiable result, quotes a contemporary newspaper's query—"What is the case for half-defending Crete?" and answers it first by statement—"If it had not been defended we should have lost the Middle East in the summer of 1941," and then by demonstration. The demonstration includes the brilliant leadership of General Freyberg and his forces and the dogged resistance of the Cretans. Every form of weapon was used, even bees; for an old priest, a good rifle-shot, wishing to shift the enemy from an opposite house, sent a small boy to drop a hive of bees down the chimney and then picked off the Germans as they ran. The book is full of lively pictures and includes a "Saga of a Fighter Pilot," a marvellous record of fighting experience taken down in conversation. Mr. HETHERINGTON pays tribute to the enemy's mad courage when they captured the Maleme airfield and sacrificed troop-carrier after troop-carrier. We are told that the German soldiers there treated prisoners humanely, but we should never dare to forget the atrocities of other guards—the Hitler Youths, aged between fifteen and seventeen. Let us make no mistake about them.

B. E. B.



"This is the last time I establish my H.Q. in a kindergarten school."

Aht Wiv Alice

WELL, me noo soot's finished and I've got it 'angin' be'ind me bedroom door. I 'ad me fittin' all right, and a proper rum do it was an' all, what wiv the ole bloke scratchin' arahnd wiv a lump o' chalk till I was sweatin' pints for fear the marks wouldn't come orf. Any'ow, I went along a week later and fetched it and lumme it was a fair treat. There was a lot of others 'angin' on a rail wiv it but I could 'ave told mine a mile orf. "Wrap it up," I said, "afore the moths get a look in. Blimey, I could almost eat it meself!"

"We aim to please," said the bloke, and got 'old of a box to put it in. I tell yer it didn't 'arf give me the jitters to see 'im foldin' it up—made me feel I'd rather 'ave carried it 'ome on the 'anger so's it wouldn't get creased. Still, I shot orf like a streak o' lightin' when 'e'd done in the 'ope I'd get it aht of the box afore the creases set in.

Well, it seemed all right when I got 'ome—folded kinder cunnin' so's it didn't 'urt—and me Ma came toddlin' aht of the kitchen to 'ave a dekkko. Proper took aback she was an' all, but I 'ad to fetch 'er one acrost the knuckles when she put aht 'er 'and to feel it, 'cos she was in the middle of cookin' the dinner an' 'er mits was all covered in dough.

"I'm goin' aht wiv Alice to-night, Ma," I said, "so let's 'ave some 'ot water at six o'clock for a good spruce up, eh?"

"All right, Ernie me boy," she said.

Well, at 'arf past six there I was all done up like a dog's dinner, an' rahnd I goes to call on Alice. When she come to the door she fair 'ad 'er breath took away.

"My," she said, "you don't 'arf look a toff an' no error."

"Like it, Alice?" I said, jest to encourage 'er to rant on a bit.

"Like it, Ernie!" she said. "'Oo wouldn't? Talk abaht a tailor's dummy!"

"'Ere," I said, guarded like, "wot d'yer mean by that?"

"Nuthink, Ernie," she said, "only yer look that 'andsome I'd scarcely know yer."

"That's better," I said. "Well, put on yer glad rags and we'll 'oof it somewhere."

"O.K., Ernie," she said, kinder coy,

"you wait in the parlour. I shan't be a jiff."

So I strolls into the front room and when she'd gorn I put on a gasper and tried aht a few attitoods to see 'ow I looked best. First I stood wiv me legs apart on the mat in front of the fireplace and shoved me 'ands in me pockets wiv me fag in the corner of me mouf, but that seemed too ordinary so I took one 'and aht to 'old me fag and 'ooked me thumb in me trahsis pocket. Then I thought of the pickcher in the book at the tailor's wot I'd chosen the style from, where the bloke was leanin' against the mantelpiece smokin' and 'avin' a quick 'un wiv 'is girl friend, so I dusts the mantelpiece wiv me 'andkerchief, sticks me elbow on the edge and crosses me legs kinder natural like. Proper swell that felt, so I stood there puffin' away till Alice come back.

When she come in I looked rahnd quite casual wiv the smoke curlin' up rahnd me shnozle and me eyes 'arf closed—and caught me perishin' arm on a statue of Cupid. Dahn it went wiv a wallop into the fender and broke all over the blinkin' place. Made me feel proper soppy an' all.

"Sorry, Alice," I said, bendin' dahn and goin' all 'ot rahnd the collar, "but accidents will 'appen."

"'Sall right, Ernie," she said. "Pa never did like it anyway. Proper barmy, 'e always said it was."

Well, that was sportin' of 'er, I thought, so I 'eaps up the bits in a corner and 'ollerin' good-bye to 'er Ma we 'ops it.

"Where we goin', Ernie?" she says.

"Ow abaht the 'Eath, Alice?" I says.

"The ole bloke said this was a soot for the country, so let's give it a try."

"O.K.," she says, and orf we went.

Of course I might 'ave thought of it afore, but as soon as we gets up there she wants to sit dahn.

"Sit dahn?" I said. "Wot, on the muddy grahnd—in these togs? No fear!"

"'Taint muddy," she said, "it ain't rained for days"—and dahn she goes full length.

I began to wish I 'adn't got the bloomin' thing on, 'cos I 'adn't the 'eart to sit there wiv 'er, so I jest stood arahnd feelin' proper foolish. Coupla mugs we looked an' all—'er on the

grass and me walkin' rahnd 'er 'ead and twice nearly treadin' on 'er 'ands.

"Oh, come orf it, Ernie," she said. "Anybody'd think the soot was made of gold. Will yer sit over there on that seat, then?"

"All right," I said, "'s' long as it ain't dirty. Honest, Alice, I ain't takin' no chances."

When we got over there I 'ad a good dekkko, and so's to be quite sure I laid me 'andkerchief on the seat afore I sat dahn. I took care not to lean back, though, but jest sat as still as still for fear I slipped orf me 'anky. Alice got proper narked abaht it and let off steam summink chronic, sayin' it was the rottenest evenin' she'd ever spent, wot wiv me sittin' there bolt upright like a stuffed owl. I offered to 'old 'er 'and but she went all 'uffy and said she was goin' 'ome.

"All right," I said, still 'opin' she'd calm dahn a bit, "let's sit comfortable in the parlour, eh? Can't think why we didn't do that afore."

"Come on, then," she said, but still a bit rattled, and orf we went.

Then summink 'appened wot fair took the biscuit. We'd jest got 'arf-way there wiv Alice thawin' aht a bit when suddenly I 'ears a lot of 'ollerin' be'ind us and, turnin' rahnd, I got swiped in the westcut wiv a woppin' great iron 'oop wot young 'Erbert 'iggins was bowlin' in the street. It went spinnin' into the gutter and there was me with a smear of rust orf the perishin' thing right acrost me trahsis.

"'Oly mackerel," I said, too 'orrified to say more, "that's torn it!"—and I whips aht me 'anky and starts rubbin' like me ole Ma on a wash-day.

"Seem to be makin' it a bloomin' sight worse," I said after I'd been at it for quite a bit but as Alice didn't make no answer I looked up and saw she'd gorn, so I turned rahnd and looked dahn the street and there she was, abaht a 'undred yards orf, canterin' along like a race-'orse.

"Alice!" I 'ollered. "'Ere, come back," but she didn't so much as turn rahnd, so I went slowly back to me Ma, stoppin' to rub me trahsis every now and then and feelin' proper fed-up.

"'Ad a good time, Ernie boy?" me ole Ma said as I come in the back yard.

"Proper mucky, Ma," I said, "proper mucky!"

NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper. The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

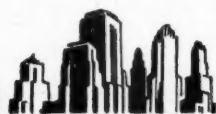
CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



Specially prepared by
Abdulla for all lovers of
the American style cigarette.

Fifth Avenue . 20 for 2/4

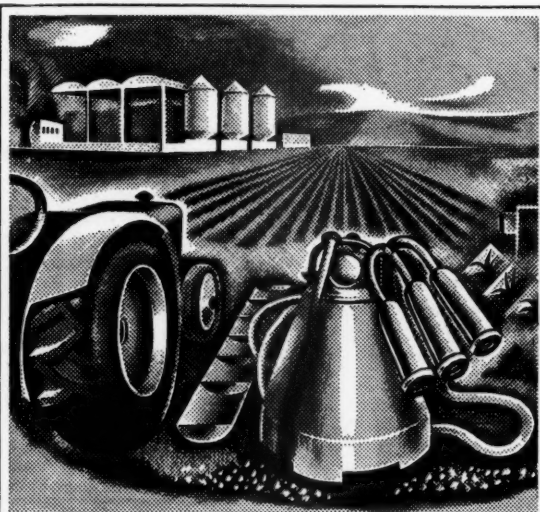
173 New Bond Street, W.1



*Unexcelled
for
Tea Time Sandwiches*



**CROSSE &
BLACKWELL LTD**



FARMER'S PROGRESS

THE farm of the future! . . . Much of our agricultural inheritance which was more picturesque than effective will have disappeared, to be replaced by modern structures designed to fit a purpose, in the attainment of which they achieve their own beauty. Farming practices, whose only merit lay in their antiquity, will be discarded; the farmhouse hoard of cash and notes for business transactions will give place to a banking account—an account which the Westminster Bank, with its long experience and deep insight into rural problems, is unusually well qualified to handle. In every department of the farm an ever-increasing value will be set upon efficiency, rather than tradition; *already great strides have been made . . .*

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED



Staybrite

For CANTEN EQUIPMENT

Possessing great strength and serviceability and resistant to rust and stain, "Staybrite" Steel in its many forms plays a vital part in Kitchens, Galleys, Canteens and Cafeteria.

"Staybrite" is now on war service and is not at present available for use in making domestic articles.



FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD SHEFFIELD

**I BELIEVE YOU
LOVE YOUR
MURRAY'S
MORE THAN
ME!**



MEN who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture won't give it up for love or money! It has a flavour all its own. Try an ounce of Murray's and see what you've been missing! 2/8 an oz.

**MURRAY'S MELLOW
MIXTURE**

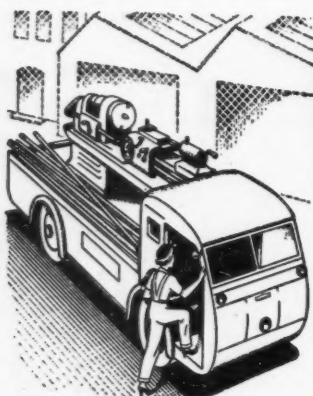
MURRAY, SONS & COMPANY LIMITED, BELFAST

Mass production is no problem to us. At Tube Products Ltd. we produce Tru-Wel electrically welded steel tubes to your specification and at great speed — by the hundred, by the thousand, by the million, all tested and ready for your job.

MADE BY
TRU-WEL
ELECTRICALLY WELDED STEEL TUBES

TUBE PRODUCTS LTD
OLDBURY, BIRMINGHAM

T.15g A MEMBER OF THE TUBE INVESTMENTS GROUP



Inter-works deliveries?

The "Electric" is proving ideal for inter-works deliveries. Have you thought about it? "Electrics" use home produced fuel, are cheap to run and maintain, and are easily operated by women or young workers.

Use
**ELECTRIC
VEHICLES**

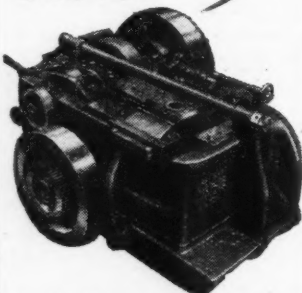
Details from the Secretary:
The Electric Vehicle Association of Gt. Britain
Ltd. (Dept. P.21), 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2

Bumping 'em off!

**FAST
PRODUCTION OF
MACHINE-MADE FORGINGS
WITH THE "GREENBAT"**

The "Greenbat" Hot Forging Machine will turn out smooth, well-finished forgings, needing a minimum of machining allowance, and it will perform at a high rate. It shows considerable production economies, tools are simple, inexpensive and can be changed quickly.

The size range of "Greenbat" Hot Forging Machines in bar capacity is:—2 in., 1 in., 1½ in., 2 in., 2½ in., 3½ in., 4½ in.



GREENBAT
HOT FORGING MACHINES

GREENWOOD & BATLEY LTD.
LEEDS • ENGLAND

ML 5

**VENT-
AXIA**
for
better
air
conditions



VENT-AXIA LTD
6, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.1
AND AT GLASGOW & MANCHESTER

Keep your Nerves up to the Mark!

Nerves need food not drugs. The right kind of food, of course; one that has all the virtues of a tonic, but is much more than a mere temporary stimulant. Yestamin, with its great restoring, sustaining and blood-purifying properties, meets this widespread need, working in steadily and progressively. Yestamin is pure dried Yeast, highly concentrated—and Yeast is the richest source of the protective and strengthening B Vitamins. Try this genuine Vitamin Food for one month; it will give you stronger Nerves, better Digestion, new Energy. A penny a day is all it will cost you.



OF ALL CHEMISTS

YESTAMIN
VITAMIN YEAST
TABLETS & POWDER

1/1½d. & 3/- 1/4½d., 2/3d., 4/-
per bottle. | per tin.

THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO., LTD.,
BURTON-ON-TRENT.

**To relieve
skin irritations**

The instant Cuticura brand Ointment touches the skin all itching and irritation stop—its unrivalled antiseptic action instantly kills infectious germs and prevents blood poisoning. For swift, clean healing of eruptions, rashes and skin injuries Cuticura is unbeatable. Of Chemists, 2/10 & 1/5

Cuticura
OINTMENT

**Your Hair Brush
rebristled**

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

JOHN HASSALL,
Brush and Mirror Manufacturer,
(Dept. L.),
64 St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C.4

**"ENGINEERING
OPPORTUNITIES"**

This unique handbook shows the easy way to secure A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.Brit.I.R.E., A.M.I.E.E., CITY & GUILDS, etc.
**WE GUARANTEE—
"NO PASS—NO FEE."**
Details are given of over 150 Diploma Courses in all branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Aero, Radio-Television and Production Engineering, Training, Building, Govt. Employment, R.A.F. Maths., Matriculation, etc. Think of the future and send for your copy at once—FREE.
**B.I.E.T., 214 SHAKESPEARE HOUSE,
17, STRATFORD PLACE, LONDON, W.1**

TOO BAD HE DIDN'T GET A Halex

TOOTHBRUSH

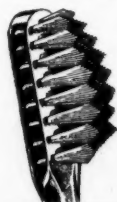


I DID!



and I'm taking
good care of it!

(IT'S MADE TO STAY SPRINGY LONGER)



BRISTLE OR NYLON

HALEX MAKE

THE BEST OF

BOTH BRUSHES

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES



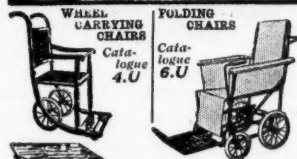
8,000

boys and girls constantly being supported
and trained for useful lives.

10/- feeds one child
for a week.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable "Dr. Barnardo's
Homes," addressed 7 Barnardo House, Stepney
Causeway, London, E.1.

Carters (INVALID FURNITURE)



Owing to essential contracts the
range of invalid chairs and invalid
furniture is now limited, but we are
still in a position to supply certain
articles. Please give full particu-
lars of your needs and we will
endeavour to accommodate you.

GT. PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.1.

Phone: Langham 1049



Give
your natural beauty

SPRING
BLOSSOM
freshness

Beauty is Skin Deep—that's the most important thing to remember
about beauty care. Research by Atkinsons cosmeticians into means of
enhancing beauty and preserving youth have now resulted in this
lovely new cream—Skin Deep—which contains the very elements
that keep your skin *naturally* young, supple and free from blemishes.
But Skin Deep keeps on working when nature, for one reason or
another, relaxes. Use Skin Deep every day to give you a soft, satiny
base for make-up; it holds powder with fascinating smoothness all day
long, and because it is softening and improving your complexion all the
time you have it on, Skin Deep produces see-able results almost at once.

★ ★ USE SKIN DEEP
AT NIGHT TOO

For every woman over 20,
nightly use of Skin Deep
is essential. It sinks right
into the skin to do its
good work, and is easily
and readily absorbed even
by the most sensitive skin.

NEW—a real beauty discovery

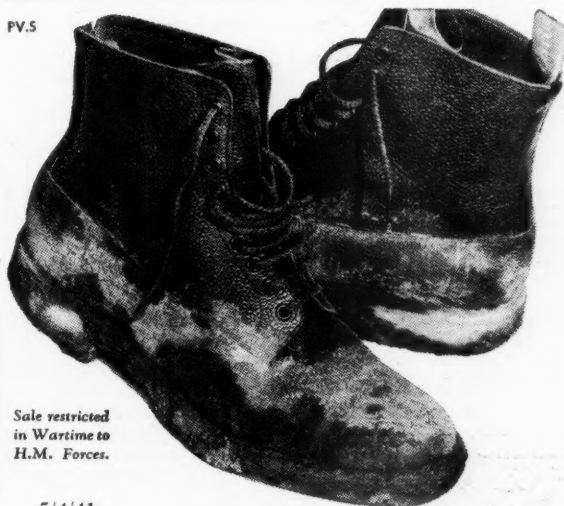
ATKINSONS
Skin Deep

BEAUTY CREAM

5/10 (including tax)

J. & E. ATKINSON LTD., 24 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1
ASD 2-96

PV.5



Sale restricted
in Wartime to
H.M. Forces.

5/4/41.

I wore them throughout the retreat from the River Dyle. We
marched about 200 miles and rarely had our boots off. My
unit came out eventually from Dunkirk beaches. Through the
salt water the boots were white—but they are still going strong.

LOTUS
Veldtschoen
GUARANTEED WATERPROOF

MADE BY LOTUS LTD. AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL TOWNS

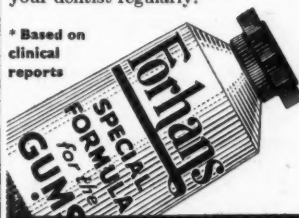


*4 out of 5 may get
Gum Trouble

but not me!

Guard against—Tender, Sore, Spongy
and Bleeding Gums. Dentists, for
many years, have used Forhans
astringent and reported completely
satisfactory results. They also recom-
mend Forhans Special Formula for
the Gums Dentifrice for use at home
because it contains the special in-
gredient of Forhans astringent. See
your dentist regularly.

* Based on
clinical
reports



ON SALE ALL OVER THE WORLD

Hamleys
ESTD 1790
HAMLEY & BROTHERS LTD

200-202, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1
(OUR ONLY ADDRESS)

Still the finest toy shop in the world

Maenson
Tailoring
for
men

Specially appointed
Agents everywhere.
Name on request.

JOSEPH MAY & SONS LTD.
106 Regent St., London, W.1
Tel.: REGent 2404



*A wine that has all
the character & bouquet
of those fine vintages
which gave to Port its
Historic vogue*

CHAPLINS
CONCORD
PORT

Fourteen and Six per bottle

CHAPLINS  EST'D. 1867

Still available
"CARASADA"
CIGARS

especially the INTERMEZZO size
5½ inches long, at 30/- per box of
25, post free.

After the war we hope to
resume offering WINES of all
descriptions.

GREENS LTD.

Cigar & Wine Merchants
37/38, Royal Exchange, Cornhill,
London, E.C.3.



The
Chef
always
Recommends

Escoffier
SAUCE ROBERT SAUCE DIABLE

Pedigree
PRAMS & FOLDERS
All the best babies have them

L.B. LTD. London



*The Architect
knows...*

that in planning new buildings for
industry or public service, the problem
of the power installation is of primary
importance. His experience in the
selection of suitable main or stand-by
power plant has convinced him that
for practically every service for powers
up to 540 B.H.P.,

he can always rely on
ENGINES

PETTERS LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH, ENGLAND.



THIRST QUENCHER OF OLD NILE

Dear Hawkins,

I am now in Cairo for a short spot of leave and spending
some time in the Club where I sit on my shoulder blades in a
long low chair, smoke cheroots and sip tall glasses of Rose's
Lime Juice, nobly iced. Quite a change after months of
tepid chlorinated water.

How are things going with you? I notice from the snap you
enclosed that you have lost a certain amount of weight
amidships. Or is that the effect of the Home Guard uniform?

We shall have to do something about your periphery after
the war, for a streamlined Hawkins is as unnatural as a fat
winner of the Waterloo Cup.

I met the Colonel in Shephard's two days ago. You will
remember that he stayed with us in 1937. He was a major at
the time. He asked after you, and has also invited himself
to come down for a week-end after the war. You might start
planning the festivities forthwith, not overlooking the
Rose's. I'm off for a swim. Best wishes.

Very sincerely,

G. de St. G.

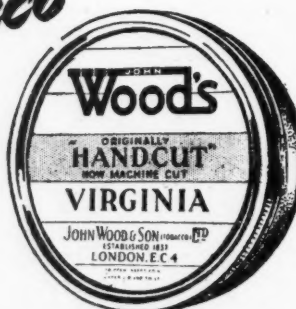
ROSE'S—There is no substitute

ESTABLISHED
1837

The Tobacco

**Obtainable
Everywhere**

IN THREE STRENGTHS
MILD—MEDIUM—FULL
at 3/0½d. per ounce



**THERE WILL
ALWAYS BE...**

A Scottish
War Medallist

Men like this
to man the life-
boats round
our coast. It is
your privilege
to ensure by
your contribu-
tion that
**THERE WILL
ALWAYS BE**
well equipped
boats for them
to man. We know you will not fail them.



**ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION**
Life-boat House, Boreham Wood, Herts.

The Earl of Harrowby, Hon. Treasurer
Lt.-Col. C. R. Satterthwaite, O.B.E., Secretary

*Robinson
& Cleaver*
FINE LINENS & HANDKERCHIEFS
LONDON, BELFAST AND LIVERPOOL

Safeguard Your Teeth!



With **KENT** Exclusive
BLENDED BRISTLES

• AVOID
ABRASIVE
ACTION. • PREVENT INJURY
TO ENAMEL
AND GUMS.

KENT OF LONDON
Best British Brushes

**Stop that
cold with**

VAPEX
INHALANT

A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY

A PERFECT POLISH
RONUK
FURNITURE CREAM

Now of War-time standard

NOVIO

will in peace-time return to its
former pre-eminence as the most
perfect Toilet Paper ever produced

Change to COLGATE Brushless SHAVE CREAM for QUICKER, SMOOTHER COOLER SHAVES

HARDER TO GET
NOW - BUT WORTH IT
WHEN YOU DO



Change to Colgate Brushless and enjoy the finest possible shave. You'll find nothing to touch it for softening up beards (even with cold water)—for smooth, cool shaving without sting or burn.

1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax



But right gear for haulage
from

BUTTERLEY

THE BUTTERLEY COMPANY LIMITED RIPLEY DERBY ENGLAND
LONDON OFFICE 2 CAXTON STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

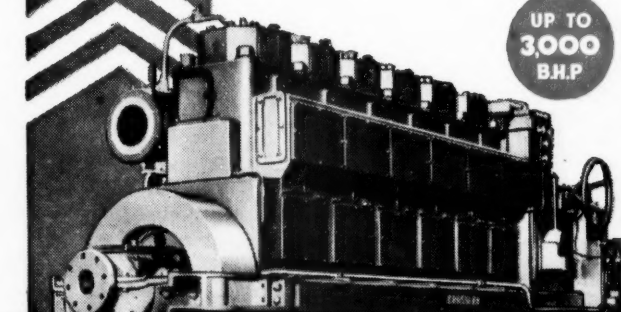
HGLC6

CROSSLEY

Direct Reversing Scavenge-pump
DIESEL MARINE ENGINES

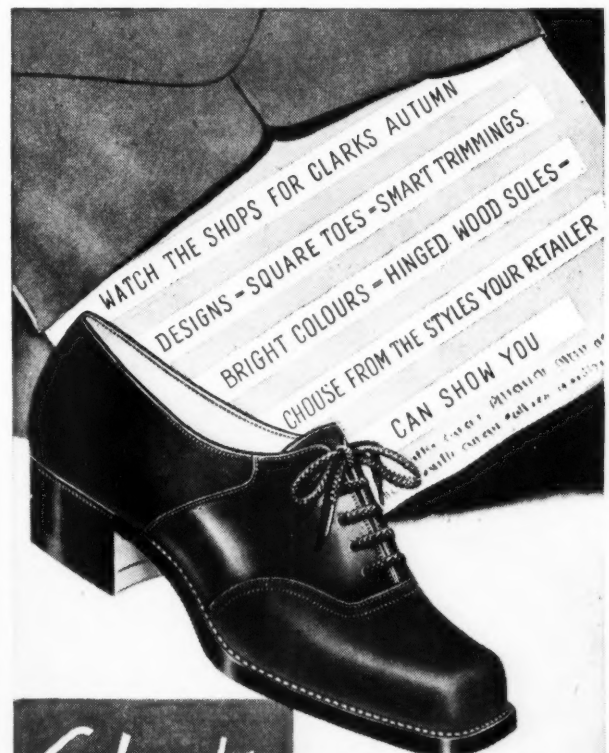
Reliability has had first consideration in the design and manufacture of these engines, operating successfully to-day under arduous war conditions. They combine every feature making for ease of control and quick manoeuvrability, and have an established reputation as ideal heavy-duty propulsion units for a variety of vessels.

UP TO
3,000
B.H.P.



CROSSLEY BROTHERS LTD MANCHESTER II
LONDON OFFICE 2 HOWARD ST WC 2

C. 239



Clarks

OF STREET have retailers in nearly every town. Please choose from the styles you find available.



EVERYONE knows the story of Aladdin, how he was given a magic lamp by a benevolent genie, with the promise that when he rubbed it any wish would be granted. Outside the Weston zones wouldn't we all like Aladdin's wonderful lamp?

MONEY CANNOT BUY CHOICER BISCUITS

WESTON
Biscuits



BY ROYAL COMMAND

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly, knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



Marcovitch
BLACK AND WHITE
cigarettes for Virginia smokers

Flat 15 for 2/3 - 25 for 3/9
100 for 15/-

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**
SMOKING MIXTURE
2 oz. airtight tin 5/10

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD IN THEIR 100th YEAR